

MAY 14 PERIODICAL DEPT.

The GRAPHIC

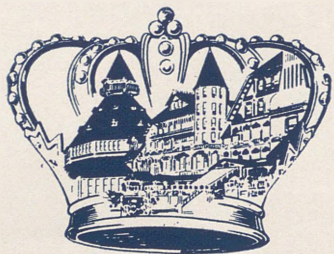


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SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, 10965, or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

SHAFFER-BEGGS. Miss Jean Shaffer, sister of Mrs. Marcus Marshall of Los Angeles and the Marshall Ranch at Chino, to Lieutenant T. N. Beggs of the Twenty-first Infantry, San Diego. The marriage is scheduled to take place in the early summer.

FREEMAN-MACMULLEN. Mrs. Richardson T. White of 1431 West Third avenue, has formally announced the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Arleen Freeman, to Mr. Smith MacMullen, of 1560 Sycamore avenue. The wedding will take place some time in June.

KRAUS-ANNEKE. Miss Elsa Kraus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Kraus of St. Louis, to Mr. Victor Harold Anneke, formerly a resident of Duluth, Minn., but now a Los Angeles man. No date is announced for the wedding.

JONES-COOK. Miss Dorothy Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones of South Vendome street, Los Angeles to Mr. Palmer Henry Cook, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Nason Cook of New York.

SCHWARTZ-SHERMAN. Miss Katherine Schwartz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Preston Schwartz of 287 Montecito street, Sierra Madre, to Lieutenant Cecil Kent Sherman of Virginia. It is planned for the wedding to take place soon.

GIBBS-FORD. Miss Doris Jean Gibbs, daughter of Judge and Mrs. G. A. Gibbs of 805 East California street, Pasadena, to Lieutenant Edward M. Ford, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ford of Los Angeles. No definite date has been decided upon for the wedding.

WELCH-LEFEVER. Miss Hazel Welch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Welch of 5675 East Franklin avenue, to Mr. Roy LeFever. The marriage will take place Saturday, May 18, and be a home affair. Mr. LeFever is stationed at Balboa Park, in San Diego.

SHEAHAN-LITTLE. Mr. George E. Sheahan of A. E. Little Company has been engaged with that firm for the past twelve years in the department of better engraving and stationery. He will be glad to help you in the selection of your betrothal announcements and wedding stationery. Little's, 426 South Broadway. Adv.

WEDDINGS

CHAMBERLIN-TUNISON. Miss Joie Chamberlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Chamberlin and Mr. Burnell R. Tunison. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's parents, 1310 Santa Barbara avenue, Saturday evening, May 4, with the Rev. Tully Knowles officiating. Following a honeymoon trip Mr. Tunison and his bride will return to Los Angeles to make their home.

FOLEY-CANNON. Miss Dollie Foley and Dr. Harry Cannon, both of St. Paul, Minn. The marriage took place at St. Brendan's chapel a fortnight ago with Rev. Father William Ford, assist-

ed by the Rev. Father W. Galvin officiating. Dr. and Mrs. Cannon will make their home in St. Paul.

VON AHNES-HARWOOD. Miss Catherine von Ahnes, daughter of Mrs. Catherine von Ahnes of Nogales, Arizona, and Mr. Robert W. Harwood, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Harwood of Marysville, California. Mr. and Mrs. Harwood will make their home in Pasadena.

SHELTON-MEADOWS. Miss Travis Shelton and Mr. Donald C. Meadows, both students at Pomona College. The marriage took place May 1 at Sunner Hall, the Rev. Joseph R. Worthington performing the ceremony.

ROYTER-CRAIG. Miss Gladys Royter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Royter of 1525 South Manhattan place, and Mr. Roland O. Craig of La Habra. The marriage was celebrated at Mission Inn at Riverside.

AMBROSE-MUMPER. Miss Winifred Ambrose, daughter of Mrs. Charles Benton Ambrose of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Hewlings Mumper, son of Dr. H. Mumper of St. Paul avenue, Los Angeles. The marriage was solemnized Saturday, April 27, at Immanuel Presbyterian church. Mr. Mumper and his bride will reside for the present at 612 St. Paul avenue, this city.

CURRY-OLIVER. Miss Sara Garnett Curry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elvin J. Curry of West Eighth street, Los Angeles, and Mr. Joseph Oliver, the ceremony taking place a fortnight ago. Mr. Curry is stationed at Camp Lewis, and his bride will reside in Tacoma until Mr. Oliver is called to France.

RICHARDS-RALPHS. Miss Ava Richards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Richards and Mr. Albert George Ralphs, son of Mrs. George Albert Ralphs of Hollywood. The marriage took place Monday evening, April 29. Mr. Ralphs is a member of the Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort McArthur.

LITTLE-WILSON. Wedding invitations and announcements, too numerous to name, have been ordered from Mr. Wilson of the A. E. Little Company, makers of better wedding engraving. His long experience in this work will be of great value in assisting you to select your wedding stationery. 426 South Broadway.—Adv.

BIRTHS

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Payne of Redondo Beach upon the arrival of a small son. The little fellow has been named Delmer Robert Payne.

Congratulations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Frances Nickerson of 5501 Monte Vista street, over the arrival of a little son, May 2. The young man has been named Robert Lewis Nickerson. Mrs. Nickerson is well known in musical circles of Los Angeles, being a brilliant pianist.

RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

May 13 and 14. Under the auspices of the State Council of Defense two war councils are to be held in Los Angeles, May 13 and 14. Among the speakers of importance from Washington are Lieutenant Perigord of the French army, George B. Chandler and Dr. Thomas F. Moran.

May 11. The annual picnic of the Arkansas State society will be held Saturday, May 11, at Sycamore grove.

May 10. This evening at Ebell Clubhouse the kiddies of many prominent society folk of Los Angeles will participate in a beautiful ballet, for the benefit of the Red Cross. Mrs. Frank Hartzell is directing the affair.

May 18. Under the auspices of the Canadian Woman's Club a patriotic dance will be given, Saturday evening, May 18, at the Seminole Apartments. The proceeds will be turned over to soldiers' relief work.

May 11. The Woman's Legislative Council will have its next regular conference and executive board meeting Saturday, May 11. The board will



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The True Story of a Real Fighter

As a record of actual experiences, nothing has come out of the war that surpasses in interest and excitement the account which Captain Fallon gives of his part in the "Big Fight."

He fought in every branch of the service. He tells how it feels to command a tank, to go over the top, to fight in an aeroplane.

How he burrowed his way into the enemy's territory, entered the German trenches, was discovered, fought a duel with bombs, and lay wounded for three days in a shellhole in No Man's Land—all told with keen Irish humor in this most interesting of "war books."

Numerous Illustrations. Net \$1.50

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Compare Our Values

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meet at 10 o'clock in the morning at the Brack-Shops and the conference will be held in the afternoon in the parlor at the Westminster Hotel.

May 14 and 18. The Paulist Choristers, one of the most famous choral organizations in this country, comprising 100 voices, will give two concerts at Trinity auditorium, Thursday evening, May 14, and Saturday afternoon, May 18.

June 18. Red Cross Entertainment at Shrine Auditorium by the Los Angeles Lodge No. 487 Independent Order. B'Nai B'rith and the Woman's Auxiliary No. 11, I. O. B. B., for the purpose of purchasing an ambulance for the wounded in France.

ART

May 1-15. A splendid collection of original color etchings by famous French artists will be on exhibit in Little's new gallery, 426 South Broadway.

May 7-15. Exhibition of pastels and paintings by Blanche Whelan at the Kanst Art Gallery.

CLUBS

May 13. At Ebell Club House Marion Craig Wentworth will present her new play, "The Bonfire of Old Empires." Members only. Afternoon tea.

May 13. Francis J. Heney will speak on "The Making of an Industrial Army," at the Woman's City Club luncheon in Hamburger's Cafe. (Primary Election.)

May 20. Dr. Albert Shiels will lecture on "Education in an Efficient Democracy," at the Ebell Club.

May 20. Red Cross Day at the Woman's City Club luncheon in Hamburger's Cafe.

May 27. Musicale at Ebell Club, Mr. John Marquardt, Violinist; Mrs. John Marquardt, Harpist; and Miss Fennal Lorraine, Pianist.

May 27. Woman's City Club luncheon in Hamburger's Cafe. Annual election.

GOLF

May 18. Camouflage Tournament. Medal play, 18 holes. Cup to winner of the best five holes, the holes being selected by the Golf Professional and being unknown to players. Cup to winner of the best score for 18 holes under handicap. Entrance fee \$1.00. Coronado Country Club.

May 30. Flag Tournament. Cup to winner. Played under handicap. Entrance fee \$1.00. Coronado Country Club.

June ? Round Robin Tournament. Matches to be played on any day of the week during the month of June when arrangements can be made. Played under handicap. Entrance fee \$1.00. Coronado Country Club.

June 22. Special Handicap Match. Players handicap themselves, placing the number of handicap in a sealed envelope, and delivering it to Golf Professional. Cup to winner. Entrance fee \$1.00. Coronado Country Club.

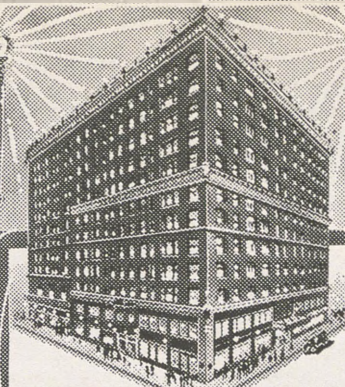
July 4. Independence Day Tournament. Special 18-hole competition, under handicap. Medal play. Cup to winner. Entrance fee \$1.00. Coronado Country Club.

July. Competition for best medal score under handicap, played during the month of July. Cup to winner. Entrance fee \$1.00. Coronado Country Club.

August 3, 5, 6, 7, 8. Coronado Summer Golf Championship. Qualifying round of 36 holes played August 3rd. First and second rounds of 18 holes played August 5th and 6th. Semi-finals of 36 holes played August 7th. Finals of 35 holes played August 8th. Matches to be played in the mornings. There will be flights for each sixteen. Replica of trophy to winner. Silver medal to holder of best score in qualifying round. Cups to winners of first and second flights. Entrance fee \$2.00.

MISCELLANEOUS

June 1-8. National Music Show, Grand Central Palace.



HOTEL ALEXANDRIA

(ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF)

Los Angeles

These are patriotic days at Hotel Alexandria

The usual society functions have in a large manner given way to patriotic meetings of various kinds — and rightfully so.

It's a time to help
Our Government

Fourteen East
Sixtieth Street
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A LUXURIOUS
Residential Hotel.
Affording the exclusiveness of a private residence. Opposite the Metropolitan Club and the Fifth Avenue Entrance to Central Park.

Apartments, single or
en suite, for any
desired period

EAGER and BABCOCK

The Graphic

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

ELBRIDGE D. RAND - - - - - Publisher
 ALFRED L. FENTON - - - - - General Manager
 WINFIELD HOGABOOM - - - - - Editor
 CHAS. A. HAWLEY - - - - - Advertising Manager

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No. 11

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Publishers' Announcement

Copyright 1918, by E. D. Rand

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Entered as second-class matter May 23, 1914, at the postoffice at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

STODDARD JESS, President

Capital, \$1,500,000.00

Surplus and Profits

\$2,808,310.60

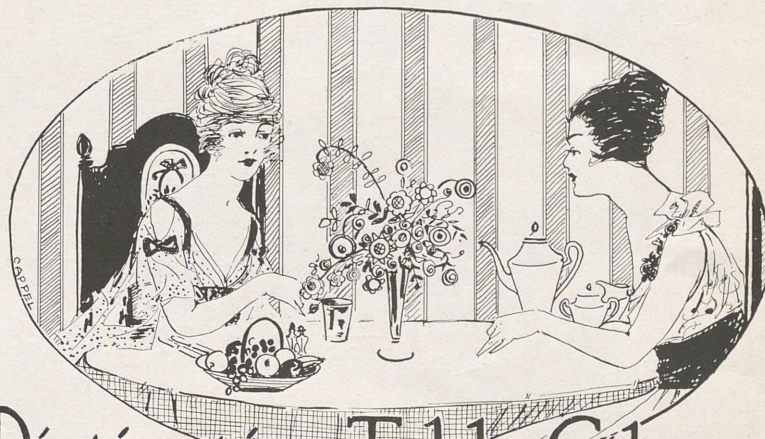
Deposits, \$33,347,551.98

W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier

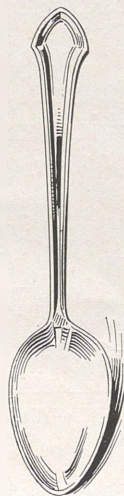
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Included in this comprehensive showing are the most popular interpretations of Period Silver.

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Fulfill your table silver requirements at Los Angeles' first jewelry house.

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ESTABLISHED 1869
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Red Crown's continuous chain of boiling points insures complete combustion. Every drop gives full power.

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(California)



The Gasoline of Quality

ORGANDY!

—“*Just like a
Garden of
Flowers!*”

—Here, the bloom of
the blushing rose; there
sweet lavender; here,
the soft blue eyes of
Miss Forget-me-not—
there, the tender tones
of the mignonette and
and the golden notes
of daisies—

—Bright as a garden
of flowers—Fresh and
Fair as the afternoon
breeze of summertime.



—*These pretty New Frocks
of Organdy*—

—that have come out of the very heart of
Fashion to that individual section that is to be
found only at Bullock's—to that section where
sizes 14, 16, 18 and originality in style and
thought and service are supreme—Will you see
them—from \$15.00 to \$35.00.

—Turn to your left from the elevators.

—At Bullock's, 3rd floor.



The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



G. Edwin Williams

MISS DOROTHY DAVIDSON

THE DAUGHTER OF MRS. E. L. DAVIDSON OF 3957 INGRAHAM STREET, LOS ANGELES. MISS DAVIDSON IS ONE OF THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBERS OF THE PATRIOTIC LEAGUE AND ACTIVELY ENGROSSED IN WAR RELIEF WORK.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE FACT THAT California went for Wilson in the last presidential election, elected Hiram Johnson, a pronounced Progressive, to the United States Senate, after having previously elected James D. Phelan, a Democrat, to a seat in the same august body, and is now showing a registration of about two Republicans to one of all other parties, seems to have set the politicians guessing. An election for governor, and the other elective state officials is going to be held this fall, and the campaigns of numerous candidates for the governorship and for the other offices already have been begun. There are quite a few men in the state who have not yet announced themselves as candidates for governor, however, and some who have not even been mentioned by the newspapers as candidates. Among the most prominent of those who have not been mentioned are Doc Houghton and Cornelius Pendleton, and it may be that Mr. Pendleton has been mentioned and the fact has escaped our attention.

For a while it seemed as though, if you wanted to have a complete list of the candidates for governor about all you had to do was to get hold of copies of all of the great registers of the state, and scratch off the names of those who have died since the same were printed. One day the political atmosphere would be filled with the odor of moth balls, and then would come the statement that Frank P. Flint, or M. P. Snyder, or R. F. Del Valle was about to announce himself as a candidate. This would disappear, and be followed by a faint odor of new leather, and Charles McGee, of San Diego, would be mentioned as one of those about to announce himself. Or, again, it might be Mayor Dan Carmichael, of Sacramento, or Mayor Louis Wilde, of San Diego, or Mayor Woodman, of our own dear Los Angeles.

In the meantime there is Thomas Lee Woolwine, who has been sort of a standing candidate for Governor, like Bryan was for the Presidency, and William D. Stephens, already Governor by the grace of former Governor Hiram Johnson, not to mention J. O. Hays, of San Jose, who owns a newspaper, and a lot of other things that are very valuable, including a gold mine or two. Then, also, there is Friend W. Richardson, also owning a newspaper, and what is better still, a state job, and H. L. Carnahan, who owns a state job, but is shy on newspapers. Mayor James Rolph, of San Francisco, was talked of, but refused to talk himself. And many more, too numerous to mention. Right in the midst of it Congressman William Kettner, who apparently doesn't read the newspapers, arrived from Washington on a hurried visit to his old home town, and on the spur of the moment announced that if nobody else was going to run he might run himself.

But of all the candidates for Governor now in our midst, probably the one who has put himself out the most to run is Francis J. Heney, who threw up a good job, as jobs run in these days, and came way out here from Chicago to enter the race. Surely the people of the state ought to appreciate that, if nothing else.

Unless, however, some enterprising publisher sees an opportunity to issue an official directory of candidates for governor how is the average voter going to know who all is running?

The fact of the matter is, it seems, that the great majority of the dear people don't care a hang, at this particular time, who is to be the next governor. The war is the big thing now, and the only thing. The candidates all realize this, and we are beginning to hear from them regarding their own peculiar ideas about how to win it and what to do after the war is won. And there is one point that each one of them fully appreciates and acknowledges: in the dire emergency, each one recognizes the fact that he is the particular one that should be elected governor, in order to accomplish the things the dear people want accomplished.

TOURISTS COME AND tourists go, but Southern California goes on forever. It used to be that, along with Frank Wiggins, we all would count that day lost whose low descending sun didn't see something done to get us more tourists. And, say, Southern California isn't over its hankering for tourists yet, not by a long way. But haven't you noticed that Southern California is becoming something of an industrial and manufacturing center, and that agriculture is coming into its own in this land of sunshine and flowers? Haven't you noticed that new industrial plants are springing up on every hand, and that Southern California is now plowing and planting thousands and thousands of acres where once the jack rabbit and the horned toad ruled supreme? Yes, you must have noticed that. And it all goes to show that our destiny is not alone tourists, but foremostly and pre-eminently it is production, with tourists on the side. Indeed, it is quite certain that we do not have to devote all our efforts to bringing tourists to Southern California any more, and that the efforts that are being made to bring industries, and to cause more production, are bearing rich fruit. Southern Californians have found, at last, that climate is as potent in promoting industries as it is in promoting tourist resorts. And so, while we are not going to admit that we are off with the old love, we are here to say that we are on with the new, to the very limit. The war and its requirements have awakened us to the possibilities of our climate and geographical location, and the many advantages we have for manufacturing and producing, and we are on our way to fame and fortune. Let's go over the top!

THE TROUT SEASON now is open, and many are the anglers who have gone into the hills, to wander along the banks of the trout streams and think up fish-lies to tell when they got back to civilization. Why is it that a man who is naturally like George Washington will lie like a pick-pocket about fish? It is, of course, very difficult for an honest editor to tell his readers how many fish are being caught this season, or any other season, for that matter, when the editor is always tied to his office, and cannot get out into the hills, and find out for himself, but must, of necessity, depend upon the statements of those who fish. Probably the nearest we can come to the truth, under the circumstances is to quote the statement of Attorney George S. Carter, who tells the Pasadena correspondent of the Times that "the fishing this year was never so plentiful." Of course, the fishing is plentiful, but, no doubt, our readers would be interested in knowing if the fish are plentiful, too. And, even so, if Attorney Carter dared speak of the fish as openly as he did of the fishing, could we believe him?

SO LONG as the appetites of men demand beverages with alcohol in them; so long as hotels and restaurants and social clubs are permitted to sell these beverages; so long as there are laws made to govern the sale of beverages, spirituous, malt or vinous, just so long will the question: what is a meal? remain mootable. And what's the difference, anyway. Must a man distress his stomach, merely because he desires to drink a bottle of beer? Back in the old days when the Sunday closing of saloons, and the sale of alcoholic beverages, except with meals, was first tried out in New York, the story was told of a dusky waiter who came to serve a certain thirsty New Yorker one Sunday evening. "You may bring me a bottle of beer and a sandwich," said the thirsty one. "N'suh, can't do dat," said the waiter. "Gem'man from Albany done et up all de rubbah sandwiches we'se got."

BY THE WAY

SUFFERING none of the fearful apprehension that tortures those who are ignorant, often, even of their whereabouts, the loyal Sammies everywhere seem eager to be "over there." Both sons of Mr. and Mrs. William Martin Van Dyke, of Los Angeles, write home concerning their impatience for active service, their one all-absorbing idea being to help in the conflict against autocracy.

Walter Van Dyke, the elder, is now an ensign doing coast patrol duty with the Navy Reserve at Bremerton, Washington. It will be recalled that he was married last year to Miss Helen Goodell, of Oakland, Cal., the union, owing to the social prominence of both families, being looked upon in both ends of the state, as a notable event. Mrs. Van Dyke is now with her husband at Bremerton, and it is understood she will remain there until he is called elsewhere.

Upon Douglas Van Dyke, the younger of the two, has been conferred the rank of lieutenant, and he is with the 346th Machine Gun Battalion, at Camp Lewis.

He concluded his course at the California State University last year, graduating after his enlistment. With others of his class he was called to Camp Lewis before the close of the term, and was there eight days, when all members of the group returned, graduating in their uniforms, and the presence in the class of the newly-made soldiers, had a marked impression for patriotism upon their fellow students.

But the Van Dyke brothers are not the only ones from this well known local family who stand ready to do their full share in the effort for establishing world democracy. Soon after America entered the war, their sister, Miss Lillian Van Dyke, took a business course in order that she might more effectually serve her country, and she has since been acting as Red Cross secretary in the department of which Mrs. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven has charge. Miss Caroline Van Dyke, aunt of Miss Lillian and the soldiers, is also in Red Cross work.

NEWS FROM FRANCE

MANY will be glad to hear that a letter, dated April 1, has been received from Sergeant William T. McFie, son of Mrs. W. T. McFie, who had been for nearly two months in Base Hospital 15, France. Seven weeks of that time he spent in quarantine, but when he left the hospital he was pronounced well, and was very anxious to rejoin his comrades of F Company, 117 Engineers of Rainbow Division, who were at the front.

He writes that after the fever had passed, he was very thin, but that owing to the wonderful care of physicians and that of the very efficient, kind nurse, he was heavier at the time of writing than he had been prior to his illness. He writes:

"We had all the milk, eggs, sugar, chocolate, etc., that one could desire. We had four o'clock tea every afternoon, and you can imagine that with such treatment it would not take long to pick up. They have some of the best doctors of the United States here, and I cannot say too much for the Red Cross. I think I am ruined for army life after sleeping between sheets on a good bed and with all the wonderful meals."

The men of Rainbow Division are now entitled to the service strap, which represents six months foreign service.

ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB

WHILE there is in local war service no more agreeable work than that connected with the Enlisted Men's Club in Trinity Auditorium, its very popularity tends to render it strenuous, for the loyal women now devoting themselves to it, and Mrs. Dan Murphy, one of its founders, has found necessary a rest at her quiet Pebble Beach home, where her sister, Miss Sue Synnot, also an ardent worker at the club, has been recruiting strength for further service.

Mrs. Michael J. Connell, who, jointly with Mrs. Murphy, originated

the club idea, is standing staunchly by the organization, and to her innate sense of true hospitality is due much of the spontaneous pleasure which the enlisted men take in this movement on their behalf.

This is a club for the enlisted men only, officers not being eligible, and the Sammies flock here by the hundreds, playing billiards, writing to friends, chatting, or availing themselves of the dining room privileges, which on a recent occasion attracted for dinner, 298 men. Nominal prices are charged, and there is a sense of good fellowship which, to use the expression of one soldier, "warms a fellow's heart mightily."

Mrs. W. S. Bullis, Mrs. Stoddard Jess and many others assist in the conduct of the club.

WAITING IN NEW YORK

INDICATIONS suggest strongly that Captain Ben Johnson, Quartermaster, now waiting in New York for further orders, may be called to active duty in Europe with the coming of early summer, and in that case, Mrs. Johnson, accompanied by her young daughter, Miss Dorothy, will return here to be with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Guiteau. Captain and Mrs. Johnson are now at Hotel Aster, while Miss Dorothy is attending school at Notre Dame, Baltimore.

It is understood that Mrs. Johnson, upon returning here, will bring with her, her little grandson, William Brown, son of Commander and Mrs. Hugh Brown, now at Anapolis, where the young officer is an instructor. The Browns are the parents, also, of a little daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, who is now one year old. Her mother, it will be remembered, was Miss Estelle Johnson.

As a sequel to the enlistment of Captain Johnson for active service, and the subsequent departure of the family for the east, their beautiful home in Hobart Boulevard has been sold to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Graves Smith, delightful easterners with two charming daughters, the Misses Dorothy and Gladys. The Smiths will doubtless make Los Angeles their permanent home.

ANXIOUS FOR CALL

ROY Lacy, third son of Mr. and Mrs. William Lacy, is chafing under the fact that he is yet under military age, and declares that he stands ready to follow his brother to the front as soon as Uncle Sam will permit him.

His elder brother, William Lacy Jr., is now a first sergeant, serving with the engineers in France, and in view of recent disturbing reports from the front, there is abundant time between mails for anxious suspense on the part of relatives and friends. These young men belong to a family long prominent in the social and business life of the city, and are always interested in patriotic service, whether the time be of war or peace. At present Mrs. Lacy, quieting her fears regarding the boy "over there," has plunged deep into Red Cross work, and is giving a very large share of her time to war service.

Probably there is not in Los Angeles a family more thoroughly in touch with others now doing things of a patriotic nature, and their acquaintance among advocates of democracy is broad. When the Earl of Dunsmore passed through here on his way to Coronado recently, Mr. and Mrs. Lacy entertained at dinner for him, his host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts, being among the guests, while others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Willis Hunt and Major Manchester, Canadian recruiting officer here to recruit British subjects.

There are, of course, many other young men of Southern California, who are just as anxious for the call of their country to come to them, as is Roy Lacy. But under the circumstances, it does seem to him unfortunate, to say the least, that he must remain out of the conflict, just because he has not yet come to the age which the government has set for the soldiers of the new army.



Harold Taylor

THE BRITISH COMMISSION AT CORONADO

Left to right—Major V. E. C. Dashwood, of the Royal Sussex; Captain R. A. Banon, King's 60th Rifles; Alexander Edward Murray, 8th Earl of Dunmore, and Colonel of the Sixteenth Lancers, representing the British war mission, which has joined with the United States Chamber of Commerce and National Council of Defense; Captain R. J. Pinto of the Coldstream Guards.

Taken in the Palm Court Garden at Hotel del Coronado.

BY THE WAY

RAW materials that enter into the manufacture of the great necessities of our life of today, mostly hemitite iron, are what has caused the greatest war in all history, the war that is now going on in Europe, with nearly all of the civilized peoples of the world engaged in it. Not the possession of iron, but the lack of it on the part of Germany, combined with a shortage of other raw materials, coaking coal, and lumber of one kind and another. That's the way Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis puts it, and he has studied the problem pretty deeply. Doubtless he is as good an



DOUGLAS VAN DYKE
Second Lieutenant, 348th Machine Gun Battalion

authority as anyone in this country. In his lecture at Trinity Auditorium on the night of May 2 Doctor Hillis pointed out how far away from the actual fundamental causes of all wars have been the occasions of them, and more especially did he show this fact as regards the present war. But Doctor Hillis was much more interesting when he got along to the effects of the present war than while he dwelt upon its causes. And really, we are all much more concerned with the probable effects of the war, now, than we are with anything else. And in between his talk on the causes, and his remarks about the effects, the erudite gentleman did take occasion to say, in no hesitant or uncertain manner, forcefully and with great emotion, that it is now the duty of Americans, as well as of all other civilized peoples, to crush and kill militant Germans. They are moral degenerates, he asserted, and not fit to live, much less to have a place in the sun. After the Allies have won, he said, the three great Republics, the United States of America, France and Great Britain, must go together on through the ages, working for the greater uplift of all mankind, populating, enriching, and making safe for humanity, the far-flung places, with three great circles of commerce and civilization extending clear around the earth, so that there can be not only greater production, but more certain and effectual means of communication between all parts of the world, and better transportation facilities. "This war will make Great Britain, not break it!" he exclaimed. "Out of necessity will come a great movement in all of Great Britain's possessions, comprising one-sixth of all the best agricultural lands of the world, and a wonderful prosperity will follow this movement. England will pay her war debts, and pile up many billions of dollars of wealth in agriculture, and manufacture, in the years that follow the war." Doctor Hillis did not tell very much beyond what we all have been thinking, perhaps, in the matter of the effects of the war, but he presented his arguments in a clear and logical and forceful way, putting into strong sentences the thoughts that have been in our own minds in a somewhat chaotic form. And he was altogether optimistic. All his words and all his thoughts implied the utter downfall and complete destruction of the German Empire. We all like that. He closed his lecture with some most remarkable statements, backed up with authentic and official documents and photographs, of the German atrocities in Belgium. He proved that the things we have been reading of and hearing of are true; he has seen them with his own eyes, close to the battle line, in the war-swept, blood-drenched, fiend-ravished areas of Belgium and France.

GOING TO SCHOOL AGAIN

THE Los Angeles schools are to be used during the summer vacation period this year for the training of enlisted men and civilians in trades that will help to put through the war program. The government will operate the schools and provide the teachers. It will seem strange to grown-up men to be going to school again, doubtless, but what a great thing it will be for them, when you come to think of it. The plan of the



WALTER VAN DYKE
Ensign U. S. N. R.

government is to put at least one hundred thousand of them through an intensive course of training during the summer vacation. Wouldn't it be fine if we could all go to school again? What a flood of fond memories the very thought of school days brings to the minds of us old codgers; we who are way beyond learning anything, even anything about our own trade, any more. Ah! if we could go to school again, and sit in the seat right behind the girl with the long braid of brown hair, and freckles on the back of her neck. If we could go to school again, and make spitball blow-

guns, when the teacher wasn't looking, and blow spitballs at Skinny Mc-Masters while he was writing his lesson in spelling on the blackboard. If we could play ring-around-the-rose and pom-pom-pull-away at recess, and walk home, after school, with the girl with the yellow curls and the pink cheeks. But it wasn't a vocational training we got in those good old days, nohow, and even if we should get to go to school again it wouldn't seem like school to us, the way they run the schools now. They didn't have any technical apparatus in the schools in our day; they had seats with benches in front of them, or desks, we used to call them, and books and slates and blackboards, and rulers and a teacher. That was about all. But, say, wasn't it a lot of fun, though, going to school in the old days?

TO ENTERTAIN THE FLYERS

WITH wisdom, and in the spirit of heartiness, the good people of Riverside are preparing to entertain as best they may, the several hundred young men who are to train as army fliers at the new aviation camp established on the mesa at Alesandro, some eight miles from there, in just the way the people of San Diego have been doing for the men who are in the training camps near that city. A club already has been formed in Riverside, the members of which are the most prominent of the socially inclined people of the city, and the purpose of which is to extend hospitality to the men of the training camp on the mesa, and afford them opportunities to enjoy social pleasures as frequently and fully as the arduous duties of their camp life will allow. This is no more than is being done in every city near which these war training camps are situated, but it is safe to say that Riverside will do as much for the men at Camp Marsh, as it is designated, as is done by any other city, and perhaps a little more, in proportion to size. Riverside is noted for doing things right, and for social activities. The very next day after the announcement was officially made that Riverside had been selected as the place for this flyingman's school, the Riverside Chamber of Commerce, the Riverside newspapers, Riverside society folks and Frank Miller, all sprang to arms, as it were, and rallied around, and started to doing things.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION TO BANQUET

IN celebration of its twenty-fifth birthday, the Society, Sons of the Revolution, of the State of California, will hold a banquet in this city on the evening of May 15. The program, as now just announced, foretells that this will be a most notable, auspicious and enjoyable occasion, for the toast master is to be John Griffin Mott, and responses are to be made by such celebrities as Edward Thomas Harden, a charter member of the organization, who will tell of "The Inspiration of Our Organization," Orra Eugene Monnette, President of the Society, who will talk about "Our Work and History," Dr. Hector Alliot, who will tell of "Our Next Task," and Hon. Delphin Michael Delmas, who will make the principal address of the evening, his subject being: "Anew on Liberty's Fire Line."

THE HERMIT OF REY DEL REY

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

THERE was no "solitary horseman approaching in the distance." An automobile, slowly but steadily rising toward the summit of Rey del Rey, stopped occasionally to take breath, and, finally, as it cleared the top and dropped rapidly to the valley below, its occupants tossed a bundle of papers and magazines to the Hermit, as he sat in a rough-hewn chair before his mountain domicile. "In a hurry to reach the hotel," he remarked, without deigning to change his position to reach the package which had been slung to him by the travellers.

Westward the valley lay rocking in a sea of molten light, where jagged outlines of serrated peaks showed their tips above the quivering surface. The whole sky was aflame, and with duplicated glow and after-glow the entire world seemed literally on fire. Strange veins of amber, grey, and amethyst flickered and faded in the scarlet waves of the dying sunset, and the effect was weirdly beautiful in its vastness and luminosity. "Space liberates the soul," quoted the Hermit, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and went indoors, stooping for the papers and magazines as he passed.

John Darrell, otherwise and "onlywise" known as "The Hermit of Rey del Rey" was five feet ten, the height of Chesterfield's gentlemen, and a figure of exceptional strength and picturesqueness. He was simply but inexpensively clad in a pair of trousers. These were held in place by a leather belt, and comprised his entire trousseau. Whenever he took his walks abroad he wore a pair of raw-hide sandals. Of fine linen his wardrobe boasted of no array. His laundry bills were nothing a year, and his "account" at the shoe-store was never presented for obvious reasons. In some phases of the "simple life" he was as free from expense as a horned toad.

The three rooms of his adobe dwelling were as clean as a ship's cabin. A dozen rude book-cases were brimming with books of all kinds, scarcely a notable volume in literature being absent. On a broad, square table, magazines and periodicals lay strewn about. On the reddish-brown walls were several oil paintings of great beauty, a number of excellent water-colors, and a single pastel. Flowers from the Hermit's garden, which was watered by a mountain spring, stood everywhere about the rooms.

Darrel seated himself before his open fireplace, lit a heavy onyx lamp on the table, touched a match to a pile of dry wood in the fireplace, and took out some of the periodicals which the strangers had left in their flight. One of these was a flashy-covered, smart society publication. Turning its leaves idly he finally came to an item which apparently interested him. He read it to himself, and then repeated it aloud, bowing to a gnarled and twisted Zuni idol on the mantel above his fireplace. "Mrs. Louise Carpenter, and her two charming children, Miss Nina Irene Carpenter and Master Jack Carpenter, are here from the east to meet Mr. Carpenter, who is planning an automobile trip along the Coast for the next month or two."

"Let me present to you, O Thunder that burns in the clouds," said the Hermit, "let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Louise Carpenter, formerly Mrs. John Darrell. The girl with the red-gold hair, to the left, is Miss Nina Irene Carpenter, formerly my daughter, Nina Irene Darrell. The dark-eyed boy on the right, Master Jack Carpenter, was duly christened at his birth John Darrell, Junior. This entire collection is now owned and controlled by the Honorable Robert Dudley Carpenter, Member of Congress, and millionaire. Don't you think I am a good provider for my family, you distorted thunder God?" He threw the periodical in the fire and said: "Jack is about twelve now—it's been eight years ago. Irene is sixteen. Louise—but she is the kind who never grows old. I suppose I've faded from all of their sights. The boy was too little to comprehend; the girl has been too petted and indulged to remember, and the woman was glad to get rid of a dissolute ne'er-do-well. And I was expected to die, besides. But this Hermit business rather trumped death's ace."

He tapped his splendid chest, flexed his swelling muscles, and glanced at a mirror which gave back the likeness of a man of superb vitality and physique. His hair, grown long, was parted in the center, with not a thread of grey showing in its wavy masses. His face, clean-shaven and brown, was strikingly handsome, refined, and intellectual. He was in truth as goodly a man "as ever among ladies ate in hall." He sat down on a bench beside the fireplace and watched the embers crumble to ash, the light on the table mellowing the room in its yellow glow. A single star flared in the south, and presently the wind rose, the cloud-curtains parted and the moon's chariot rolled out and on, blazing a track of pallid glory across the sleeping valley.

When dawn lifted, flooding the valley with a cataract of silver, the Hermit was abroad early, and coming up the incline he marked another automobile toiling towards the pass. As it topped the divide it paused, and

a man stepped down and asked if his party could get something to eat before they proceeded on their way. "We were told," he said politely, "that the Hermit of Rey del Rey sometimes made an exception and helped women and children out in a pinch, and we left our supplies behind us this morning through an unfortunate over-sight." The woman in the car was helping the children out from the rear seats, and Darrell, without turning toward the car, courteously offered to do the best he could for strangers in such a plight.

"My name is Carpenter," said the owner of the automobile, "let me introduce Mrs. Carpenter to"—he hesitated—and Darrell, instantly divining the situation, replied smilingly, "the Hermit of Rey del Rey." Mrs. Carpenter advanced and shook hands with the Hermit with apparent nonchalance, who was next introduced to Miss Irene, a stunningly pretty girl of sixteen, and to Master Jack Carpenter, a manly and handsome boy of twelve. The Hermit made everyone at home, aiding Carpenter to take his automobile away from the highway and next providing water and basins for their ablutions after the dusty ride.

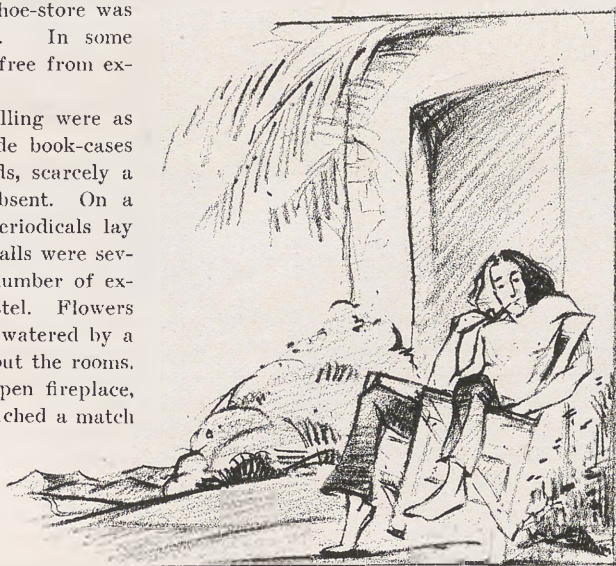
He explained that he would go up the valley and catch some trout for breakfast, and the boy instantly set up a loud plea to be allowed to go with "the Hermit." This privilege was freely accorded him, and Darrell and the boy proceeded up the valley a couple of miles to a trout stream which was very rarely fished. The boy, who was no tyro with a split bamboo rod, was encouraged to do most of the fishing,

although the Hermit showed him a few points about long casts, and playing a trout in a swift eddy, which aroused the lad's abiding admiration. They were gone fully two hours, it being about eight o'clock when they returned. The boy was lavish in his praise of the Hermit. He thought him the most wonderful man he had ever seen. He told his mother that the Hermit had agreed to let him make the mountain home a visit some time in the future, and he ransacked the dobe house to look over Darrell's trophies and rifles.

After breakfast the party were taken up the valley and some of the wonders of the region unfolded to them. At luncheon the Hermit told them of his hunting adventures in the mountains, and the boy's eyes glistened as he heard the stories. As they left the table Carpenter said, "I'll take a nap before we start." He had spied a hammock shaded from the sun, and set in one corner of the Hermit's garden, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep. Jack begged to be allowed to take the rod and go with his sister down the valley to the nearest pool, a short distance away, and make a few farewell casts, and together the children left in high spirits.

Mrs. Carpenter and the Hermit were alone. Through the open window they could see Carpenter enjoying his siesta, short, fat, scanty-haired, utterly commonplace, and of the earth, earthy. The woman turned and looked steadily at Darrell. Then she rose and came close to him. "I knew you instantly, Jack," she said, "this life has worked a miracle for you. I'm so glad—and I'm so broken-hearted." The Hermit had risen and gripped his chair at her first words. "Don't feel that way Louise," he said. "I wasn't worth your while. The children are happy anyway, and we both owe it to them not to have their lives spoiled."

The woman threw her arms around his neck, kissing his lips, his eyes and his hair, saying, "I have never had a happy moment since we parted." He disengaged her arms gently, kissed her and replied, "it's too late now, Louise. Besides, the man in the hammock has been good to you and the children. He is entitled to a square deal." They sat by the fireplace in silence, and at last he said, "send me the children's pictures, and yours." The woman rose and bathed her eyes in the cold spring water. Presently the children came in with some fine trout, and Carpenter, roused from his sleep by their laughter, was soon ready to start. Just as they were going, Jack said, "will you kiss me goodbye, Mr. Hermit, I think you're just out of sight." "Certainly," replied Darrell, "out of sight and out of mind." He lifted the boy by the shoulders, straight up in his muscular arms, and kissed him full on the lips. He had been sorely tempted to catch the boy to



(Continued on page 26)

MAKING A MAN OF YOUR BOY

[By TELFORD WORK

DISTINCT and clear the bugle rings out in the cold gray dawn:

"I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning."

There is a great stir. Sounds of talking. Sounds of singing. From five thousand brown tents pour forth twenty-five thousand sturdy, khaki-clad figures. It is the beginning of another day at Camp Kearny.

And such days as they are—these days of training, these days of preparation for the time when Americans, shoulder to shoulder and elbow to elbow with Frenchmen and Englishmen, will go over the top in the final death-dealing charge to Prussianism and autocracy!

Filled with work, lightened with the clean pleasures and diversions provided by the many camp welfare agencies, and made purposeful by the grim determination of twenty-five thousand fighting men to make the world a decent place in which to live, the days and months have gone rapidly. With the passing of time there has come to the soldiers of Camp Kearny—these thousands who jumped from civilian occupations and soft beds into the squeezing, rib-poking, jostling activities of army life—a sense of grim satisfaction with their new job and an affectionate pride in their new environment and in their new town.

Camp Kearny is not a beautiful place. Like other cities built in a day, and built for a purpose, it has subordinated beauty to practicality. With the exception of a few Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. huts, and some dozen or so other structures, the camp lacks architecture altogether. Low and flat it smears itself over four square miles of landscape. Down through the center runs the parade ground, a long and wide bald spot set between two forests of spiky khaki. Sagebrush and cactus closely besiege the camp on every side, and like long brown snakes the roads run into and out of the camp to east and to west. An aviator flying overhead might think he had discovered a city of Arabs set down in the wilderness. If the brown tents were buildings a casual traveler might mistake the camp for a progressive mining town.

But Camp Kearny has features which are lacking in most mining towns and which are absent altogether from a city of the Arabs. It has electric lights—millions of them—lighting each tent and giving to each of the twenty-five thousand inhabitants of the camp a convenience of home which fighting men in training did not have a score of years ago.

Camp Kearny has a sewage system—one of the best in the



Photo by Henshaw

MAJ. GEN. F. S. STRONG

Commander of the 40th Division

state. Profiting by the costly experience of the Spanish-American war, the government in this fight is taking no chances on typhoid and dysentery. Each company has its latrine and wash-house. Up-to-date plumbing has been installed in all of the mess-houses. The garbage is carefully collected each morning and at the present time the soldiers of the camp with much gusto and deadly thoroughness, are conducting a swat-the-fly campaign.

Paved streets run east and west and north and south in the army city. The camp boasts traffic cops, and on busy days, like other cities, it has its motorcycle police watching the outgoing thoroughfares for wayward and unwary speedsters. The camp

has a jail, known in soldier parlance as the "Hoosgow." It has a skating rink, a bowling alley, two pool halls and a couple of restaurants. These and other establishments of a similar nature are located in the civic center at the north side of the cantonment.

For the benefit of soldiers not able to find room at the crowded Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. entertainments, there have been erected a couple of theaters, and a third is in course of construction. Vanity is evidently one of the weaknesses of the American soldier for at Camp Kearny there are four photographic concerns and all seem to be doing a rushing business.

A library boasting a stock of twenty thousand books and operating nearly a dozen branches, keeps the soldiers supplied with reading matter. The camp boasts three weekly newspapers, one of which is written and edited in its entirety by the soldiers themselves. Churches in the shape of Y. M. C. A. huts, K. of C. buildings and a Christian Science Welfare building, offer services on Sunday mornings and evenings for those who care to attend. There are schools in multitude which are conducted by both the Y. M. C. A. and the military authorities.

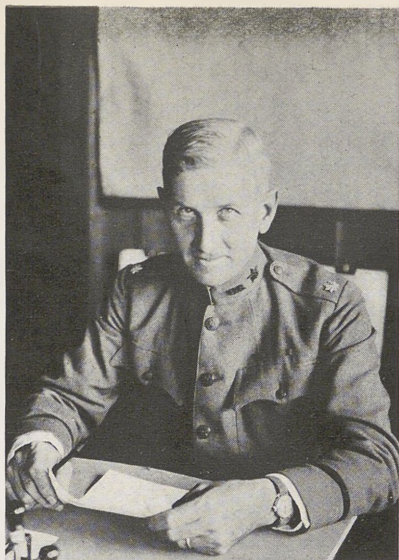
Each regiment in the camp—and there are about nine aside from the many miscellaneous organizations and detachments—boasts its regimental store, known as the regimental canteen. These canteens are department stores run on the "stag" basis and they carry everything from chewing gum to gloves. In them tailors snip their scissors merrily and barbers hone their razors with menacing scrapes. Profits made from these canteens revert to the company funds and eventually to the men themselves. The canteen is one of the many democratic institutions to be found in the army.

Camp Kearny has regimental infirmaries which serve as ha-



Photo by Henshaw

MAJOR GENERAL F. S. STRONG AND STAFF OF THE 40TH DIV.
Standing reading from left to right—Major F. H. Farnum, Asst. Chief of Staff; Lt. Col. A. Murray, Division Surgeon; Lt. Col. S. M. Saltmarsh, Div. Inspector; Lt. Col. A. M. Nolan, Div. Signal Officer; Capt. Morgan Vining, Aide to Gen.; Major John S. Pratt, Div. Ordnance Officer; Major M. L. Stern, Div. Quartermaster; Major J. A. Howell, Div. Judge Advocate; Lt. Geo. H. Shea, Aide to Gen. Seated reading from left to right—Lt. Col. John W. Gulick, Chief of Staff; Major General F. S. Strong, Major L. O. Mathews, Div. Adjutant.



LT. COL. JOHN W. GULICK

soldiers and kaiser-getters it is turning out men—men of strong character and good wind, men who after the war will go back to civilian life a credit to themselves and to their communities.

At the head of this monstrous man-making factory we find a great commander—a man in whose rugged, kindly countenance and kingly figure can be seen the stuff of which presidents are made. He is the living epitome of the spirit of the Southwest. To the men of California, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Utah who are in training here he symbolizes a great ideal. In his white hair can be seen the snow of the Colorado Rockies; in his figure the height of the California redwoods and the straightness of the New Mexico pines; in his countenance the ruggedness of the Arizona Grand Canyon; in his quiet mien the atmosphere of strength which men imbue from the deserts of Utah. General Strong is a man. He is a warrior. He is a fit commander for the Sunshine Division which is in training at Camp Kearny.

Included on General Strong's staff are men who come from every walk of life. Some of them are regular army men who have devoted the greater part of their life to serving Uncle Sam in a military capacity. One man before the war broke out was a lawyer; another was a university professor. Still another was a car accountant for a big railroad company.

Illustrative of the fact that the American army as it exists today is truly a democratic one, is the fact that four members of the division staff at Camp Kearny, saw their first military service as privates. From the ranks they have risen to their present dignified and important positions.

Lieut.-Col. John W. Gulick, Gen. Strong's chief-of-staff, is a regular army man and has been in the military service of the government for the past twenty years. As a First lieutenant he saw service in the Philippines in 1898. He was in Cuba and for four years served as a major in the Chilean army. In 1906 he received his commission as a major and in 1916 he was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel. In April of 1917 he was detailed from the Coast Artillery branch of the service to the Fortieth Division as chief of staff. Last August he accompanied General Strong to France when the latter made his tour of inspection of the French and British fighting front.

Major F. H. Farnum, the assistant chief of staff, is a West Point gradu-

ate, and from 1907 to 1911 was an instructor in military tactics at that institution. He has served in the Philippines with both the 11th and 24th Infantry. For a period he was instructor of militia in Maine and in 1917 was commissioned as major. He has been at Camp Kearny since August 25.

Major L. O. Mathews, the division adjutant, enlisted twenty years ago in the Fourth Kentucky volunteers as a sergeant. During the Spanish-American War he served in the Philippines and in Cuba. Succeeding a period which he spent at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, as post schoolteacher, he was in 1901 commissioned a second lieutenant in the infantry. For ten years he saw service with the Second Infantry. During that period he was in the Philippines. In 1917 he was made a captain and a few months later received his commission as a major. He has been at Camp Kearny since last summer.

Camp Kearny is a city built with a purpose. It is a man-making factory. In turning out

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Charged with looking after the health and physical well-being of the entire Fortieth Division, Lieut.-Col. A. Murray is one of the busy men at Division headquarters these days. It is largely due to Lieut.-Col. Murray's efforts that the surgeon general, in his last report, stated that the health-record of Camp Kearny is above the average of the other fifteen National Guard cantonments.

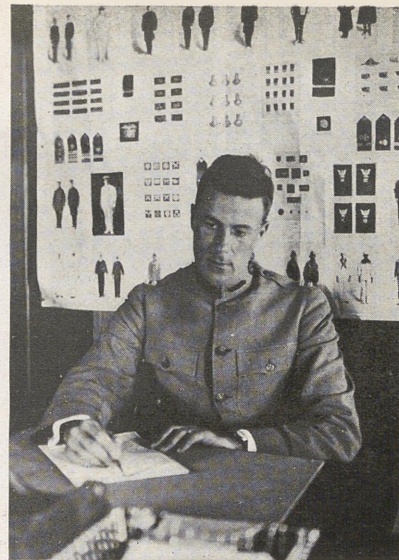
Lieut.-Col. Murray is a graduate of the George Washington University and in 1903 received his commission as a first lieutenant in the medical branch of the service. He was commissioned a captain in 1907, a major in 1913, and a lieutenant-colonel in 1917. He has been division surgeon at Camp Kearny since the camp was first built.

Lieut.-Col. Saltmarsh, the division inspector, is a Los Angeles man, and has been in New Mexico and California National Guard for twenty-six years. He is a graduate of Purdue University. Seven years he spent in the New Mexico National Guard. At the time he came to California he was a major but he re-enlisted as a private in Co. C of the old California Seventh regiment. In 1907 he was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel. He owns a home in Hollywood and before being called into service last spring was car accountant for the Santa Fe railroad.

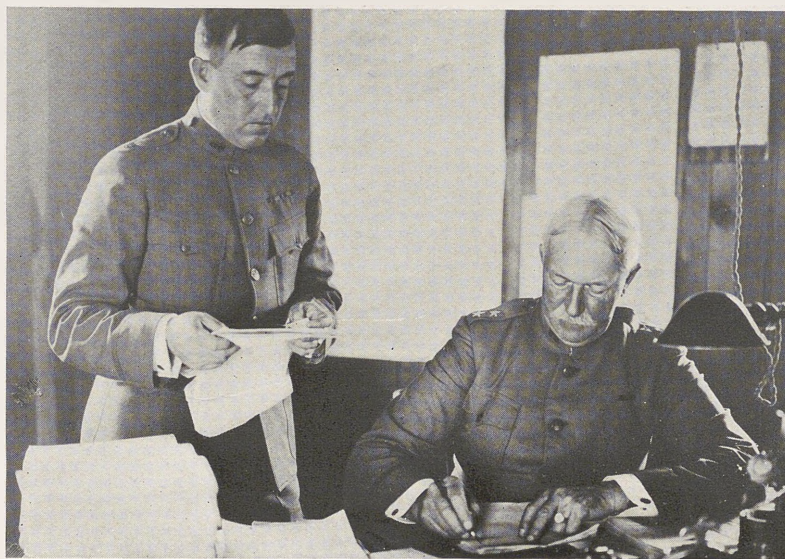
Lieut.-Col. Robert M. Nolan is a regular army man, a native of Louisiana, who saw his first service as a second lieutenant in the cavalry. In April of 1914 he was commissioned a captain in the Signal Corps and recently he attained his present rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Major John S. Pratt, Division Ordnance Officer, graduated from West Point in 1906 and as a second lieutenant was assigned to the artillery. He served at Fort Mansfield as an instructor and later acted as instructor-inspector for the Connecticut National Guard. He has recently spent a year as adjutant at the Presidio, San Francisco. He has also seen service in Honolulu.

Major M. L. Stern, division quartermaster, saw his first service when he enlisted as a private with the First Colorado in 1882. He has had thirty-six years of experience with the National



CAPT. MORGAN VINING, A.D.C.



MAJ. GEN. STRONG AND MAJOR L. O. MATHEWS



SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

"We who have learned to love reading have found in books many a good thing which, in life, we have overlooked, or which has overlooked us. We have, for instance, found much peace and much forgetfulness. We have found wings for our weariness. We have found tears when we thought the wells long since dry. And we have found our dreams again after many days."

ANOTHER star should be added to the heavenly crown of the late Guy Wetmore Carryl, or, if perchance that be considered too shining a tribute, there should at least be an added sprig of laurel placed in his mundane memorial wreath; for he it was, we are told, and by the lady herself, forsooth, who discovered Ethel M. Kelley.

That name will probably carry no great significance to the general novel-reader, for Miss Kelley, until comparatively recently has been known chiefly as a writer of short stories, which have appeared in goodly numbers in Harpers, Century, Everybody's, McClure's, and other magazines, she having begun contributing to them at the age of fifteen, when she broke into Munsey. Two years ago she assisted Brian Hooker in giving a short story course at Columbia. Miss Kelley's ancestral mixture is rather unusual—"I was born in Cape Cod," she says, "in a year which has escaped my memory; and am of Irish-Quaker descent. David O'Kelley, known as 'the Irishman,' so rare was the Celt among the early New England fathers, contributed a sum of money to King Phillip's war some time in the early part of the eighteenth century, that being the first record I have of my forebears. My great, great grandfather dropped the O' with his Quaker garb."

Miss Kelley has spent some little time in the British Isles, and in Paris, from which place she was returning on the S. S. "Arabic" when war was declared, which necessitated finishing her trip under protest, she says, so great was her desire to return and "mix in." But had she been "Over There" during these epoch making years, she could not have done what she has for her own country, and especially her own countrywomen in "Over Here."

It is somewhat lamentable that the sub-title of this book should be "The Story of a War Bride." It is very much more than that. I think the sub-title should have been "War and the Woman." It is a simple, natural, gripping human document, the unfolding of the heart, mind, and soul of an every-day girl of the times, living the typical, rather frivolous, somewhat indifferent, wholly careless, American life. Her mother is "youngish and stunning," her father "a perfect dear, but not very rich, always tired, and usually worried about something."

The presentation of the domestic and social environment, and the feeling of the different society sets, in regard to the war, through the childish eyes and naive mind of feminine eighteen, is clever beyond compare. Then suddenly comes the discovery that she has grown up somehow without being conscious of it, and that Love has come to her in the same fashion. Fast upon the heels of these wonders the World War becomes *our* War, and with that the fear that it will take from her the man she loves. This it does, of course, but when the time comes, it is she who bravely fares him forth with a cheery smile, keeping locked in her own valiant young heart the sacred secret of their united life. Thus she fights her fight while helping him fight his; facing the silence born of distance and disaster, the wakeful nights of pain, and the nights filled with fitful dreams—but going on with the dull routine of daily existence, waiting—waiting.

The quiet, repressed courage of the woman tears at one's heartstrings,

even while one smiles at the whimsical naiveté of the child. In short, Miss Kelley has made her heroine a true American woman, who proves herself, though sometimes even to her own surprise, equal to any test of courage or endurance, and gives her all, even as does her soldier husband. Few things have been written which prove so compellingly just what women are accomplishing with their hearts Over There, and their hands busy Over Here.

("Over Here," by Ethel M. Kelley. Bobbs Merrill, Indianapolis.)

THE Putnams have put out a history of Denmark and Sweden, by John Stefansson, which is included in The Story of Nations Series. It is good to have a brief history of these countries, but the historian is too old-fashioned, and too much under the influence of formal discipline. He has made the work uninteresting; he is without a flash of originality or personality, and the dreary commentary is of the Columbus-discovers-America-in-

fourteen-ninety-two type. For purposes of reference the book is not without value.

Nowadays one demands more of a history than a mere recital of fact, and the historian must put into his work both color and action. Teaching is undergoing a change, and already formal discipline is on the decline. Dr. Stefansson knows his subject, but he is as bone dry as the United States is going to be within five years. The pedant must make way for the man of vision. Dreary long-winded histories will soon be things of the past, and even the historian should be subject to inspiration.

History of Denmark and Sweden, by John Stefansson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

BONI and Liveright have just published a translation of Claude Tillier's *Mon Oncle Benjamin*, a book that should have been brought to the attention of the English reading public years ago. The amusing little work is full of wit and genial humor. If one could imagine Bessie Gaskell going to Paris, and there imbibing too freely of absinthe, then attempting to write "Cranford," the result might have been not unlike this same *Mon Oncle Benjamin*. Tillier had enough of imagination to take the stiffness out of eighteenth century life, as portrayed in fiction. *Mon Oncle* fits in wherever good spirits are wanted. He both had 'em and drank 'em, and although he may not meet with approval universally, he is a man, is this same avuncular relation, for a' that.

Mon Oncle Benjamin. Boni & Liveright, New York.

IN these days when *vers libre* is rampant, and poetic license has become poetic liberty, we welcome with twofold joy a collection of poems whose purpose is "the purpose of poetry." Such a book is *Airs and Ballads*, by John McClure, of whom H. L. Mencken says, "Here is a young man who brings a sheaf of songs and all of them are full of music, and some of them match the finest I know," and to this rare gift of song may be added unusual delicacy of touch, almost a faery flight of fancy, yet with all the real human spirit. Mr. McClure's work is worth knowing, and the publication of this little volume marks one more triumph of taste for Mr. Knopf.

Airs and Ballads by John McClure. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

WOMEN who have been eager to do their bits to help win the war, but who have been at a loss to determine in what capacity they could best serve the Government, can now get a complete survey of women's activities by reading the new book called "American Women and the World War," by Ida Clyde Clarke, which D. Appleton & Company have published. This book contains a history of everything which American women have

(Continued on page 26)



ETHEL M. KELLEY

Talented young author who has just written "Over Here"

MODERN ART IN CALIFORNIA

By ARTHUR G. VERNON

ONE of the true delights of the critic's conduct of his profession, is the occasion that he has now and then to review the work of a new addition to the guild. Not alone does this pleasure spring from the fresh material for his estimation, but from the fact that usually the aspirant has, in the sincerity of his intention, contributed a fresh note; some semblance to a personal viewpoint to the common run of exhibitions. It is one of the few factors that helps to keep us out of the absolutely blasé class.

So closely allied is the practice of painting to the psychological make up of the painter, that his mental attitude cannot be entirely concealed from the careful observer. As the painter's mind is, so is his painting. The last ragged remnant of sincerity that he may have left to him is bound to creep into his product, try as he will to subdue it. If the spectator but be clever enough he can read in the works of the painter his psychological history. Of course these clever spectators are rare birds, and the knowledge of that possibility results in considerable misreading of meanings. But the fresh mind of the enthusiastic debutante in the field of professional art leaves us little leeway, because this enthusiasm has so communicated itself, and advertised itself, that even the tyro must feel some sensation of its force.

This naivete, accompanied by the enthusiasm as yet undampened by the disappointments of a professional career, enables the young artist to override certain of the qualities that we demand from the old hand. We consent to overlook and excuse faults or discrepancies in construction and solidity that we might find difficult in one more pretentious. Up to a certain point, development in the arts is a sheer joy, but there almost invariably comes a time when the demon of discouragement swoops down upon even the most habitually optimistic. This point is usually the line of demarcation between the period of intuitive development, and that of analytic and introspective growth. Some artists go through life always children, ever refusing to face the fact that they are thinking humans, as well as feeling animals.

All this apropos to the professional debut of Blanche Whelan in a retrospective exhibition held at the Kanst Gallery. She is showing pastels and oils, representing different periods of her development up to her present quality. An interesting feature in regard to her growth, is the fact that she has never had access to other means of study than those afforded by Los Angeles. She has studied in various of the local schools, but the last stages of her development have been under the guidance of Nicholas Haz.

She really shows too much originality of vision to resort to the obvious appeal for popularity that she reveals in some of the exhibited



"SILVER AND CHINA"
by Miss Blanche Whelan

and China," "Silver and Gold" and "Purple Iris," are particularly fine. Also her two portraits, "Miss Chambers" and "Oriental," I would mention for their promise. The "Miss Chambers" is peculiarly intriguing as an example of excellent technical ability, the vibrant red background and rich black of the waist, I call fine painting.

The development that she has shown thus far, argues that she may go a long way. All these promising youngsters will make the older painters sit up and take notice, which will be mighty good for their complacent souls.



"ORIENTAL"
by Miss Blanche Whelan

AN exceedingly interesting experiment is under way in the line of an exhibition room. Eduard Vysekai and Luvena Buchanan, (Mrs. Eduard Vysekai), have been engaged in fitting up a small gallery of the intimate order in which to hold exhibits of local painters. Starting modestly, as such ventures should, they will without doubt develop their project to a position of real value in the local field. The chief object in their calculation has been to provide a reasonably priced gallery for liberal showings of all the local painters, even the more extreme. The scheme of decoration of their whole house is an achievement of importance in the uses of modern decoration. There is no reason why such an idea should not develop into some such relative place as the Photo Secession Galleries, Mr. Steiglitz' widely known home for the "misunderstood."

MR. Eben F. Comins, who has now an exhibition of water colors at the Friday Morning Club, will return to the East in June. He would make a fine and progressive addition to the local group if he could but remain. But duty calls and he must away.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

NOT to be outdone by Uncle Sam, who has made one of his biggest calls for men this month, Master Cupid has also launched a draft of his own, and any number of members of the younger set have enlisted under his banner. Of special interest to a host of friends is the announcement made a few days ago of the engagement of Miss Dorothy Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones, of Los Angeles, and granddaughter of Mrs. John P. Jones, and the late Senator Jones, to Mr. Palmer Henry Cook of New York. Miss Jones, who is to be graduated this month from Radcliffe, is one of Los Angeles' most attractive buds. The engagement follows a romance which had its beginning several winters ago when the young bride-elect with her parents visited in Florida, where Mr. Cook and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Nason Cook of Oyster Bay, have a summer home. He is a Princeton man and now is in the government service. This is the second betrothal which has been announced by Mr. and Mrs. Jones within the last month. The engagement of their son, Lieutenant Gregory Jones to Miss Harriett Wagner of Santa Monica, and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James R. H. Wagner, was made known only recently. Miss Wagner is receiving many delightful social attentions just now, one of these having been a luncheon given by Mrs. Force Parker. Other affairs are planned for the near future. Miss Wagner and Lieutenant Jones have been friends since childhood, and their engagement culminates a romance which was not unexpected on the part of their many friends. Their wedding is not planned until after the war—unless, however, as has been the case in so many war engagements, the young folk decide to change their plans. The engagement of Miss Harriet Wagner is the second to be announced in the Wagner household, since Miss Arline Wagner's betrothal to the Rev. Richard Ainsley Kerchoffer, of Worcester, Mass., was made known not long ago. Their marriage is to take place in the near future.

Another engagement of special interest is that of Miss Jean Shaffer and Lieutenant T. N. Beggs, Twenty-first Infantry, now stationed at San Diego. Miss Shaffer is the sister of Mrs. Marcus Marshall, and a second cousin of Mrs. May Longstreet, Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner and Mr. Alfred Wilcox. News of the engagement was told a few days ago, following the return of Miss Shaffer and Mrs. Marcus Marshall from San Diego where they had been living during the last several months, while Mr. Marshall was in training at the aviation school, North Island. Mr. Marshall has now been transferred to the Boston School of Technology. The wedding of Miss Shaffer and her fiancé, Lieutenant Beggs, will take place Saturday, June 1. The event is to be celebrated at the home of Mrs. Marcus Marshall in Pasadena, and it will be marked by extreme simplicity, with only relatives and a few intimate friends present.

In Pasadena there are three engagements recently announced which are occasioning a stir of interest and providing the motif for many delightful social affairs. These three young brides-elect, Miss Georgiana Drummond, Miss Mildred Baer

and Miss Blanche Chilholm were guests of honor Tuesday afternoon of last week at a pretty affair given by Mrs. Ira L. Byner at the Rose Tree Tea House on Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena. Miss Chilholm's engagement to Mrs. Byner's son, Richard L. Byner, was announced a few weeks ago. The wedding will take place when the young soldier returns from France, where he has already achieved honors, and now is in the aviation corps. Miss Drummond and Miss Baer are to become sisters-in-law, since the former's marriage to Ensign Francis Shaw Baer is to be one of the important society events in the latter part of June. Miss Baer, herself, is to become the bride of Mr. Richard D. Davis, Jr. Among the young folk present

they invited the entire French military mission stationed at Camp Kearny. Last Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Brunswig and their house guest motored to Montecito for the garden fete for the benefit of the fatherless children of France which was held on the estate of Mrs. W. Swift-Delliba. They will be joined there by Mme. Simons Puget, the French lecturer, who has given a number of talks in Southern California recently. The affair was one of the notable society events given in Montecito this season and was attended by many of the smart set from Los Angeles, Pasadena and Coronado.

Another visitor in Los Angeles who is receiving a warm welcome is Mrs. Marcus Daly, of New York, who is dividing her time between the homes

of her two sisters here, Mrs. J. Ross Clark of West Adams street, and Mrs. Joseph A. Lewis of Juliet street. Mrs. Clark entertained with a charmingly appointed tea the afternoon of May 1, in honor of her sister, inviting seventy-five other guests. The next day, Mrs. Lewis was hostess at a pretty luncheon, having besides her sister who was guest of honor, several other friends and the same evening, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Connell of South Figueroa street, gave a dinner party for Mrs. Daly and her two sisters, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Lewis. Last Tuesday, Mrs. H. A. D'Acheul of Pasadena, who is an old time friend of Mrs. Daly, entertained with a luncheon. Mrs. Daly left yesterday for her summer home, "Riverside," at Hamilton, Montana.

Mrs. Joseph H. Hines, who will be remembered as Miss Aileen Canfield before her marriage, has returned to her home in Canton, Ohio. She was joined in Los Angeles for a few days only by her husband. Mr. Hines is head of the Red Cross in Canton. Just before they left for their home, Mr. and Mrs. Hines entertained with a dinner party at the Van Nuys Hotel. Pink roses were tastefully arranged in the table decorations and their guests included Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Faulkner, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Canfield, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Heffner, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Danziger, and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Bradford. Mr. and Mrs. Hines will make a brief visit at Salt Lake City and Denver en route to their home. Mrs. Hines has a large circle of friends in Los Angeles and many pretty, though informal affairs were given in her honor during her visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester place are home again after an absence of several months. While away they visited friends in the east and south. Among those whom they visited were Miss Nina Robinson of St. Louis, who has been the house guest of the Wilson's several times and has many friends in Los Angeles and Dr. and Mrs. P. M. Hawes of Louisville, who it will be remembered, visited Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in Los Angeles some time ago. Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are giving them a glad welcome home. Mrs. Robert Young of 7240 Hillside avenue, Hollywood, entertained with a charmingly appointed rose tea several days ago, complimenting her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clarence Upson Young, formerly Miss Mary Alden Robertson, a bride of a few weeks. Pink roses were attractively used about the rooms and fourteen guests besides the hostess and guest of honor enjoyed the occasion.

(Continued on Page 23)



MISS DOROTHY JONES

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones of Los Angeles, whose engagement to Mr. Palmer Henry Cook, son of Mr. and Mrs. William N. Cook of Oyster Bay, has occasioned widespread interest.

at the tea given in honor of this charming trio of brides-to-be, were Miss Dorothy Linnard, Miss Charlotte Tres, Miss Katherine Emery, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Elizabeth Buckingham, Miss Betty Carey, Miss Barbara Scoville, Miss Helen Sherck, Miss Margaret Jamieson and the Misses Mildred and Lolita Magee.

One of the interesting visitors in Los Angeles just now is Captain Marcel Claver, one of the heroes of Verdun, who is the proud possessor of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre, and also who has been cited for bravery before the French army three times. He is to be the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien N. Brunswig of West Adams street. Captain Claver is at present attached to the American branch of the army at Camp Cody, Deming, New Mexico. Mr. and Mrs. Brunswig entertained with a luncheon in honor of their guest, last Sunday at which time

A GLIMPSE OF MEMORY LAND

By ANGELUS AYERES

CAPTAIN and Mrs. Thomas I. Steere, I learn, are in San Francisco for a brief stay before he must return to Camp Lewis preliminary to going "over there," where it is understood that he, in common with thousands of other California men, will soon be sent. Looking backward through the misty telescope of years it seems but yesterday when this patriotic young Angeleno was a care-free school boy, playing between study periods, about the Castelar Street School grounds and performing various acts of gallantry in behalf of a certain winsome little girl who, when they were grown, became his wife. She was Lora Woodhead, and is one of the four charming daughters of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodhead, who for many years resided in a commodious brick dwelling at the corner of College Street and what was then Buena Vista. Still stands the house, a grim and lonely sentinel, keeping guard over the memory of days forever fled.

There was a time—and it is well within the memory of some old residents here—when this same neighborhood of which the Woodhead home was practically the center, was known as a decidedly fashionable residence section. In still earlier days it was a very large proportion of the entire pueblo, which had yet to reach the dignity of a city. At the time of the old pueblo period, and later, families knew each other in the neighborly fashion of old eastern town life.

In this section, now blackened by the smoke of many train engines—its former tranquillity replaced by the frequent shriek of the steam whistle and the noise of the foundry—there was, once upon a time, room for beautiful homes surrounded by well kept grounds, and the people had leisure to enjoy them. But now,

"Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorne grew," one finds dust-begrimed buildings overlooking a long freight depot, and the general scene belies my rosy dream concerning that

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the plain"

which flourished here before the infant town laid aside her swaddling clothes and took on grown up airs, leaving her childhood playground to the mercy of relentless commerce.

In those wonder days of long ago—and it was not so very long ago at that—the Woodhead grounds ran through from what was then Buena Vista Street (now North Broadway), to Main, while a broad green hedge surrounded the well kept lawns, and here on many occasions, the entire "family" of the Los Angeles Orphans' Home, then situated at the corner of Yale and Alpine Streets, was entertained. The Orphans' Home, which was moved about 1885, from Figueroa Street to this locality, was then as now mothered by some of Los Angeles' most prominent matrons, and Mrs. Woodhead, formerly Miss Ivy Gard of Springfield, Ohio, who came here as a

bride in 1883, became secretary of the institution, which she has served in one capacity or another ever since. When she and Mr. Woodhead left, twelve years ago, for their trip around the world, she relinquished the presidency on account of the prospective long absence.

Living in this same neighborhood during those later years of the last century was General Edward Bouton, whose extensive holdings of beach property, and active participation in early Los Angeles life make him a notable figure in local history. He is still a resident of this city, but, like the Woodheads, long ago deserted the Castelar district.

The Fred Bakers, now occupying a beautiful home in Pasadena Avenue, had their residence then on a hill overlooking the orphanage, while Charles Patton and his interesting family were residents of this section, which for forty years was home to them. The daughter, Sarah, it may be remembered, married Frank P. Dougherty, who is now at American Lake waiting orders to go to the front. Two sons of Mrs. Patton, by the way, are also at American Lake, while a third is already with the army in France.

But speaking of that old residence section—I recall that Charles White of the Southern Pacific had his home there, while the family of Judge Valentine lived just across the street from the Woodhead place, and Julius Martin, once candidate for mayor of Los Angeles, was a neighbor. His place is still to be seen on North Broadway, while his brother, Russ Martin, father of Norman Martin, now head of the County Hospital, still occupies his old home in College Street.

The late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Goff are remembered among those who helped to make life pleasant in this section many years ago, and many others of the old group come also to mind as one begins to call up the long vanished past, causing it to live again in memory. But most of them have either passed from earth, or removed—yielding to the city's tendency towards expansion, and finding new homes in sections more favorable at this time for residence purposes. Even the Orphans' home, of which Mrs. Theodore Eisen is now president, has long since sought new quarters, and is being conducted most successfully on the cottage plan, out at the end of Melrose Avenue.

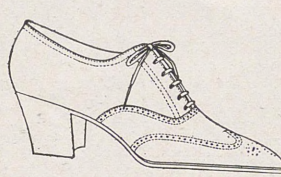
The marriage of Captain and Mrs. Steere, by the way, was hastened by the alarms of war, although this was in connection with the Mexican trouble, and before America found it necessary to take up arms against the power-hungry Huns. The young officer, then a lieutenant, was expecting orders to leave for the border, and the wedding date was advanced in order that the ceremony might take place before his departure. He was with the regular army, and was trained to service, therefore, when his country's latest call to the colors was heard. His father, also Captain Steere, is now an instructor for the army at Columbus, O.

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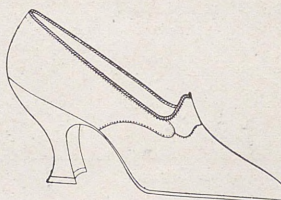
Brown kid, \$8.



White Reign Skin cloth with Tan Russia trim; White Reign Skin cloth with Black Russia trim

\$7.50

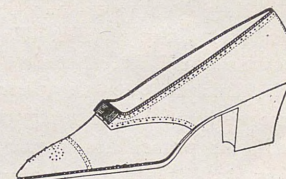
All White Buck, \$10.



Bench made, Patent leather, Gunmetal calf, Tan Russia calf, Glaze kid

\$10

Brown kid or White kid, \$11.



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\$8

White kid and Dark Brown kid, \$9.

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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

THE women of Los Angeles, now that the Liberty Loan drive is over, are enjoying a brief breathing spell. It certainly was a splendid record which the women achieved in the big campaign and one that will reflect to their credit from coast to coast. With Mrs. E. R. Brainerd, state chairman, and Mrs. J. T. Anderson, Los Angeles city and county chairman, at the helm of affairs, it is small wonder that more than \$2,000,000 was raised in bond sales by the women of Los Angeles and contingent cities. Under their efficient leadership a most capable organization was effected and the women, society leaders, club workers and housewives, all worked together with a unity of purpose and enthusiasm that could not fail to achieve results. It was many of the women's first actual experience as "government saleswomen," but many of these inexperienced workers quickly developed an ability to place the maximum number of bonds in every household they visited. Their knack of reaching the hearts and purses of every loyal American woman proved the women workers an invaluable aid to Uncle Sam in his Liberty Loan drive, for the \$2,000,000 dollars and more that the fair campaigners of Los Angeles garnered, represented small savings, which except for their efforts, would, in the most part, have been uninvested. We speak of democracy in these days with much frequency. Always we have been proud of the democracy which we, as a nation, have enjoyed. But individually, we have not always been so democratic in spirit as we might have been. Today, for the first time, we are learning to apply the word democracy to ourselves as individuals. Boys from homes of wealth and homes of the most modest circumstances, are fighting side by side in the trenches of France. Here in America the one might have been valet or chauffeur to the other, but in the fighting line they are "Bill" and "Bob" and in the fraternizing of army or navy life they have sounded the depths of each other as men. The chance of birth and the externals of financial successes are forgotten. And here at home in the unity of war work, the women are learning democracy in its true meaning. They, too, are working side by side with their fellow-women. Their interests are in common now. Liberty Loan drives, Red Cross work in all its phases—these are languages which every woman can speak. And in the work itself the women are growing broad, and only the woman of small, shell-hardened mind clings to her old prejudice of class distinction in these big days when both women and men are measured by their patriotism and democracy.

No end of delightful affairs are being given for the pleasure of Miss Hart Shields of Troy, New York, who is here visiting Miss Eleanor Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Johnson, of 2140 West Twenty-first street. Miss Shields and Miss Johnson were classmates at Miss Spencer's School in New York, both graduating two years ago. Miss Cecile Call entertained in honor of Miss Shields several days ago and last Wednesday Miss Agnes Britt was hostess at a matinee party afterwards taking her guests to the Alexandria for tea. Many other pretty parties are being planned

in honor of this attractive visitor.

An attractive debutante visitor in Southern California is Miss Lucile Woods of St. Louis who is touring about with her grandmother, Mrs. Kupsler. Just now they are enjoying a visit at Arrowhead Springs. They will join Mrs. John Craig McCoy and her daughter, Miss Marie Olivia McCoy at the Mission Inn at Riverside for this week end. Mrs. McCoy and her daughter, Miss Marie, motored up to Riverside last Wednesday, planning to pass a week or ten days there. Former Governor and Mrs. Lon B. Stephens, of Missouri, and their attractive niece, Miss Maurine Barnes, who have been passing the winter in Los Angeles and

weeks with relatives and friends in the east and then plans to return to Los Angeles to pass the summer with her parents.

Rev. and Mrs. William H. Cornett of Santa Monica are enjoying a trip through the east. They left about ten days ago going direct to Washington, D. C., where Mr. Forrest Cornett is in the government service, expecting soon to go to France. They will next visit in New York City and then Dr. Cornett, who is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Santa Monica, will attend the general assembly of that denomination at Columbus, Ohio, as a delegate. Dr. and Mrs. Cornett will be away a month or six weeks.

St. Stephen's Church is to Hollywood what St. John's Episcopal church is to Los Angeles. The former little ivy covered edifice was the scene a few days ago of another pretty wedding, when Miss Peggy Riddick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Riddick of Franklin street, Hollywood, plighted her troth to Lieutenant Howard Martin, battery commander of the Grizzlies at Camp Kearny. The bride, who is a beautiful girl, wore a smart white silk suit. The costume was completed with a pretty Leghorn hat and she carried a bouquet of orchids and bride roses. Lieutenant Martin is prominent in social and business circles of San Francisco and owns a handsome country place at Ross, just a bit out of the Bay city. Miss Ruth Ann Wilbur was maid of honor and Mr. A. H. Underwood acted as best man. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served to members of the two families at the home of the bride. Lieutenant Martin and his bride will make their home at La Jolla until the young officer is ordered overseas.

It was a pretty affair given last Tuesday afternoon at the beautiful home of Mrs. Arthur Bent at 175 East Avenue Forty-nine, for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund. The house was attractively decorated with spring flowers and greenery and cards furnished the diversion for those who cared to play bridge. In the lovely garden booths in charge of a bevy of pretty girls were arranged from which candy, coffee and sandwiches were sold. An attractive musical program was a feature of the fete, several artists contributing musical selections. Mrs. Bent was assisted by Miss Marjorie

Hines, Miss Helen Hoover, Miss Evelyn Lantz, Miss Stella Duane, Miss Grace McCall, Miss Amy Busch, Mrs. Lawrence Barker, Mrs. Sheldon Balinger and a number of other maids and matrons popular socially.

The many friends of Mrs. Houghton Metcalf, formerly Miss Lucille Clark, from Providence, R. I., who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter Brunswick, will be rejoiced to learn she is convalescing from a serious illness. Mrs. Brunswick, who was visiting for a short time in St. Louis, Mr. Brunswick being stationed at a camp near-by, has returned to her home, 1006 South Wilton place. Mrs. David McCartney and her sister, Mrs. Francis Pierpont Davis, returned a day or two ago from Coronado and La Jolla, where they have a summer cottage. Both Mrs. Davis and Mrs. McCartney are enthusiastic golf players and make frequent trips to their summer cottage to



Lou Goodale Bigelow

MRS. ROBERT H. MORSE AND CHILDREN

Who Have Been Visitors from Chicago at Hotel del Coronado All Winter And Are Still There

Coronado, have returned to their home. While in Los Angeles they were the house guests of Dr. and Mrs. John Craig McCoy, of South Harvard boulevard. Former Governor and Mrs. Stephens were so delighted with California that they are seriously contemplating returning to Los Angeles to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Allen Phillips, of Berkeley Square, plan to leave soon for the east to attend the graduation exercises at Vassar, as their daughter, Mrs. Wayland Morrison, formerly Miss Lucile Phillips, is to graduate this year. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones, whose daughter Miss Dorothy Jones will graduate from Radcliffe in June, have decided they will not go on for the event but the family will be represented by Lieutenant Gregory Jones and Mrs. John P. Jones, brother and grandmother, respectively of Miss Dorothy. Following her graduation Miss Jones will visit a few

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enjoy their favorite pastime. Mrs. Dudley Fulton, who has been at Camp Lewis for several months, to be near her husband, Major Fulton, chief medical man at Camp Lewis, is home again. Mrs. Fulton, however, will make only a short visit with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Hitchcock of South Grand avenue, for she plans to return to American Lake soon after school closes, about the middle of June, and will take with her her two charming little daughters, Margaret and Dorothy, to pass their summer vacation in the north.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lonergan Spearman are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a little son who will bear the name of Eugene Lonergan Spearman, Jr. Mrs. Spearman will be remembered as Miss Helen Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Wright, of Hollywood, and the proud father is the son of the well-known novelist, Frank Spearman and Mrs. Spearman, who also reside in Hollywood. Friends are also interested to hear of the birth of a wee son to Lieutenant and Mrs. Edwin L. Stanton, who has been named Edwin Locksley Stanton, Jr. Lieutenant Stanton is now in France, having gone over-sea three or four months ago.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Denis, of Westlake avenue, have gone to Washington, D. C., where they plan to pass several weeks. Mrs. H. W. R. Strong is another Los Angelen who is visiting in the east just now. Mrs. Strong left a fortnight or more ago for New York City, where she will be the guest of friends and relatives for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Jeffras, who have been visiting their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jeffras of 2279 West Twenty-fourth street, left the first of the week for their home in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Seeley W. Mudd, of Harvard boulevard, left a fortnight ago to join her husband and son, Mr. Harvey Mudd in Washington, D. C., where Mr. Mudd and their son are doing war work.

An interesting visitor from the South to return home a week or so ago was Mrs. George Ash Wilson of Lexington, Miss., who was the house guest for several weeks of her daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Cartmell, of 1930 Highland avenue. Returning with her grandmother for a visit of a month or two in the south was Miss Anne Yandell, winsome young daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Cartmell. Dr. and Mrs. Cartmell are charming southerners, who recently came to Los Angeles to make their home.

The Flower Market recently held in Central Park for the benefit of the Needlework Guild of America, netted the Los Angeles Section almost \$10,000. This surprising amount was due to harmonious organization of representative women and, as usual in war relief work, to efforts of the folks of the moving picture industry. Mrs. Sessue Hayahawa and Mrs. Percy Schumacher presided over the most artistic Japanese tea garden ever seen outside of Japan. Mr. Wallace Reid and Miss Mae Murray sold three baskets of flowers for \$1178.00. Mrs. Harry Robinson sold flowers at the Athletic Club and Russell McD. Taylor, who with Mrs.

(Continued on page 26)

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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W FRANCIS GATES

NEVER since a New York audience, with wild enthusiasm, unharnessed the horses and dragged Jenny Lind's carriage triumphantly through the streets, has there been so much enthusiasm over a singer as that aroused in every city by Amelita Galli-Curci, the petite Italian coloratura soprano. She is scheduled to give two concerts in Los Angeles, Tuesday evening, May 14th, and Friday matinee, May 17th, at Shrine Auditorium, and is en route westward, her concert programs proving quite as attractive as any of her operatic appearances. Galli-Curci

is one of the unique, meteoric figures which appear in each generation, creating a furor wherever heard, not only by her sheer loveliness of voice, but by the combined qualities which make her a most out-of-the-ordinary prima donna.

An Italian by birth, a cosmopolite by artistic inclination, a pianist of rare ability, she speaks fluently five languages, and has appeared as leading prima donna in the principal cities of the world. In Buenos Ayres she was co-star for two seasons with Caruso, while her debut in America was effected with the Chicago Opera Company as Gilda in "Rigoletto." Over night she became famous on this side, continuing to repeat her first triumph with every appearance. This Winter she appeared for the first time in New York, the scene of her debut, witnessing a wildly enthusiastic audience waving scarfs and gloves, with flowers and wreaths

hurled over the footlights. In private life Mme. Galli-Curci is the Marquise Galli-Curci, a woman of high ideals and particularly charming individuality. Each program for this city will be different from the other, including in addition to arias from the operas in which she has achieved her greatest successes, seldom heard Spanish, Old English, French and Italian ariettas. Manuel Berenguer, will be heard as flutist accompanying Mme. Galli-Curci in the strictly coloratura numbers, while Homer Samuels, already a favorite here, will preside at the piano.

A MORE popular program for a symphony concert hardly could have been arranged than that given by the Los Angeles symphony orchestra

last Friday afternoon at Clune's auditorium. This was the last program of the season and selection was made of numbers to appeal to the larger public. The principal number was the *Rustic Wedding* symphony, of Carl Goldmark. The fact that this is not in the strictly classic vein gives it readier popular acceptance; but the added fact of its preponderating melodic quality is really what attracts. For instance, the first movement, instead of being in the set and dried sonata form, is in the style of a march theme and variations. There are several variations of the theme,

distributed among the various kinds of instruments, and these pass in review before the auditor, giving much variety and affording the amateur and the student excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the various tone colors displayed by the orchestral instruments. The symphony is rather sentimental in its leanings but at its end develops a movement of characteristic gaiety in the "Rustic Dance."

THEN there was the "Swan of Tuonela" by Sibelius, a pupil of the composer of the symphony. But the pupil goes beyond the teacher in his orchestral feeling and the difference of nativity also shows through the bars of music. Sibelius is a Finn, and that nation is prone to dark colors, matching their skies and their politics. He pictures in this melody the swan that the Finns think floats on the stream sur-



GALLI-CURCI
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rounding their Hades. The Finnic muse has its own atmosphere, which Sibelius translates into tone with the national tang, but not using Finnic national tunes, as Sibelius declared he was able to write his own. By the way, this work was played under his baton at a Connecticut musical festival in 1914, just before the war.

OWING to the fact that the Hungarian national air was discovered in the Berlioz music announced for the last number—as a matter of fact it had been there for nearly 75 years—that dangerous music was omitted and Olga Steeb closed the program (barring the farewell of the National Air), with the first concerto of Tschaiikowsky. Miss Steeb is a pianist

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whose full worth has not fully been recognized in her home city, but this performance of a great and difficult work should give her a place beyond cavil. The concerto makes demands on the pianist far beyond those of the more classic period, but she was fully equal to them and dominated the orchestra by her strong sense of rhythm and her absolute certainty. Her encore number, the Liszt Tarantella, was given with equal success, and to a storm of applause. Miss Steeb is sure of herself, but is not continually saying so to the public by obtrusive mannerisms. In fact her modesty of style really does not do her justice, for the public dearly loves a swagger on the stage and a "God-be-with-you-till-we-meet-again sort of manner that each auditor takes to himself. Miss Steeb's brilliant performance was a scintillant close for a season of concerts which has been given in the face of public excitement and private apathy, and still with success. Mr. Tandler took particular care with the orchestral accompaniment of the concerto and the result was one of the best pieces of work the orchestra has done in that line.

In all accounts of the present season, the obstacles that faced the management and the director should be taken into consideration, and they weigh heavy. The directors of the association, a number of them, have done their part; the management has done its part; the conductor has gone to the full extent of his ability to produce musical results. The only failure has been on the part of the wealthy public to endow the Los Angeles symphony orchestra in a fullness commensurate with the possibilities and of the city of Los Angeles. Now for next season!

THE Paulist Choristers, who are to be heard in concert on May 16 and 18 at Trinity Auditorium, include 100 boys and men, under the leadership of Rev. Wm. J. Finn, 60 of them being under fifteen years of age. They are singing for the benefit of the war-stricken French, and have adopted the uniform of the French Hussars. This chorus sang in the International Choral Competition in Paris, in which 497 choral organizations took part.

MAKING A MAN OF YOUR BOY*(Continued from page 13)*

Guard, and since May, 1916, has been in active service.

Major J. A. Howell, the Division Judge Advocate, before the outbreak of the war, was a district court judge in Ogden, Utah. He received his commission as a major in August, 1917.

Capt. Morgan Vining, aide to General Strong, and who in his odd moments, acts as division censor and friend to newspaper correspondents, is a graduate of the University of Texas and preceding his qualification for a commission, was instructor in public speaking at that institution. He has had a number of years experience as a newspaper writer.

Lieut. George H. Shea, another of the general's aides, is a graduate of one of the foremost military academies of the country and first received his commission as a first lieutenant in the cavalry.

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MOTOR NOTES

By H. M. BUNCE

AS nearly all roads leading to favorite fishing streams in the Southland are reported in good condition, the lure of the wild comes all the stronger to the motorist who keenly enjoys the healthy sport of angling for the elusive trout. The territory which opened May 1 included every county in the state south of the northern lines of Ventura, Kern and Mono counties. Although the season in the northern counties opened a month earlier, the streams until recently were reported so high that very few good catches were made. These conditions are now said to be greatly improved. That the streams are well stocked with trout, is evidenced by reports from the office of the state game and fish commission. These streams have been stocked as follows: Strawberry creek, 8,000; Mill creek, 30,000; Bear creek, 430,000; Lytle creek, 40,000; San Gabriel river, 68,000; Big Tujunga, 10,000. In Santa Barbara and Ventura counties the run of steelhead and rainbow trout carrying an average of 2000 eggs apiece, has been heavier than ever, it is reported. In addition the streams have been

strike had lasted two days longer, the trolley wires could have been junked for all we cared." Many a lady responded to the smile of a passing motorist and gladly accepted a ride to town when otherwise she would have been deeply aggrieved and probably felt like calling a policeman. Yes, the automobile is a very handy vehicle, we must admit.

THE war department, it is reported, is considering putting interned Germans in this country to work, so they may pay for their keep. For the love of Mike, why shouldn't they be put to work? And why not start them off with the improving and building of roads?

"NO more," reported Alfred Reeves, general manager of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, at a Liberty Bond meeting, "is the Ford to be known as a 'flivver' or a 'tin Lizzie.' I am told by a man in



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stocked with many thousands of rainbow, eastern and steelhead trout. There are mountain streams in Kern county, which by reason of their inaccessibility by motor cars, are but little visited, but which are said to furnish the finest sport in California—or elsewhere for that matter. The Greenhorn mountains, within a couple of hours ride from Kernville, and over a road that is passable for motor cars, offer great sport for the angler according to one of a party which fished in that section for several days last year.

THE recent street car strike in Detroit established the fact in the minds of many thousands of Detroiters that the automobile is as much a necessity as almost any utility. The strike was called overnight, and the following morning Detroit was confronted with the unusual condition of no street cars in operation. Automobile owners picked up their neighbors and carried them to and from work. Many with an eye to business put their cars into day and night service a la jitney. Corporations sent their fleets of trucks for their employees, and saw to it that they were transported home. Said one prominent business man of the town which Ford made famous: "If the

our patent department it is to be called generally the 'Rolls-Rough.'" We've got to hand it to Henry Ford, though. He got off on a wrong slant when that peace stuff was making funny noises in his dome, but that which he has since accomplished, and what he now has under way, has wiped that off the slate. Not content with his tractor job—an immense one in itself—he is now putting up, near Detroit, a gigantic plant in which trim little water craft that are expected to make the Kaiser's U-boats passe in short order will be built. Two months ago what was a swampy area is now almost covered with great buildings of steel and glass. One building is 300 feet wide and 1700 feet long—said to be the largest in the world. Rouge creek, a fair sized river, was in the way, so he moved it and sent it through another channel of concrete. The Rouge river was a mile away from the site decided upon for the plant so he has brought the river to the plant. And when the plant is ready—which it will soon be—U-boat chasers will be turned out as regularly as Fords, and with much the same system. There will be no time for christenings, sliding down the ways and all that. Huge cranes will pick up the boats and set them in the water and then turn back for more. We sure must hand it to Henry Ford.

WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 16)

With the increased activities at the various cantonments and Army and Navy camps, Hotel del Coronado continues to be the Mecca for friends and relatives of these gallant soldier and sailor boys who when the work of the week is over find the famous watering place a most enjoyable spot for rest and recreation, and where their relatives and friends may pass the week end with them and often remain over for a longer visit as the mid-week day off gives an added incentive for entertainments.

The dances in the ballroom at Hotel del Coronado every Wednesday evening, while most informal are most enjoyable and every week finds a number of dinner parties preceding the dance at which the man in the uniform of Uncle Sam is always the especially honored guest. Saturday afternoon the tea dances on Ocean Terrace are always very largely attended, the added hour of daylight making it possible for the young officers to attend.

Miss Grace La May Noe, who for years has been prominent in social circles of California and the Northwest, arrived at Hotel del Coronado Thursday, May 2, and will immediately take charge of the social activities of the famous watering place for the summer season. Miss Noe who has a host of friends throughout the country was for five years publicity manager of artists for L. E. Behymer, impresario. Mr. and Mrs. E. Bartlett Shideler of Oak Knoll, Pasadena, motored down to Coronado for the week end accompanied by their attractive daughter, Miss Frances Lunkenheimer. They went South to celebrate the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Shideler's mother, Mrs. F. G. Bartlett, and Saturday evening gave a most charmingly appointed dinner party at Hotel del Coronado, their guests including Mrs. Louise Emery, Mrs. Juana Neal Levy and Lieut. Lee Prettyman. Mrs. Bartlett, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Emery at her home in Tenth street, Coronado, for three weeks, returned to Pasadena with Mrs. Shideler Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Webb, Reginald Webb and Norman Webb motored down for the week end, arriving Saturday in time for the dinner and week end ball. Mrs. Harry G. Stephens of Hotel Melrose passed the week end at Coronado where she went to visit with her son, Neville Stephens who is stationed there, being secretary of Rear Admiral Pullam. U. S. N. Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Alderman and their daughter, Miss Josephine Alderman were also among those who motored down to Coronado for the week and stopping at Hotel del Coronado and enjoying the ball. Other Angelenos who passed the week end at this famous hostelry included Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight Rindge, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Dunham, Mr. and Mrs. Jack F. Huber, Earl Matheson, Mrs. W. Wilson, Miss Clara Wilson, Miss Florence Wilson, Mrs. Prewitt, and Mr. and Mrs. Tracy C. Becker.

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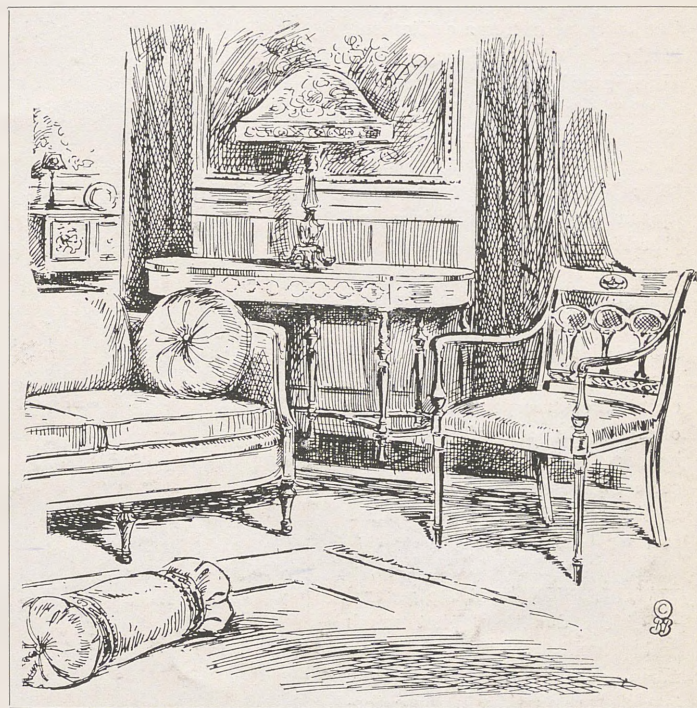
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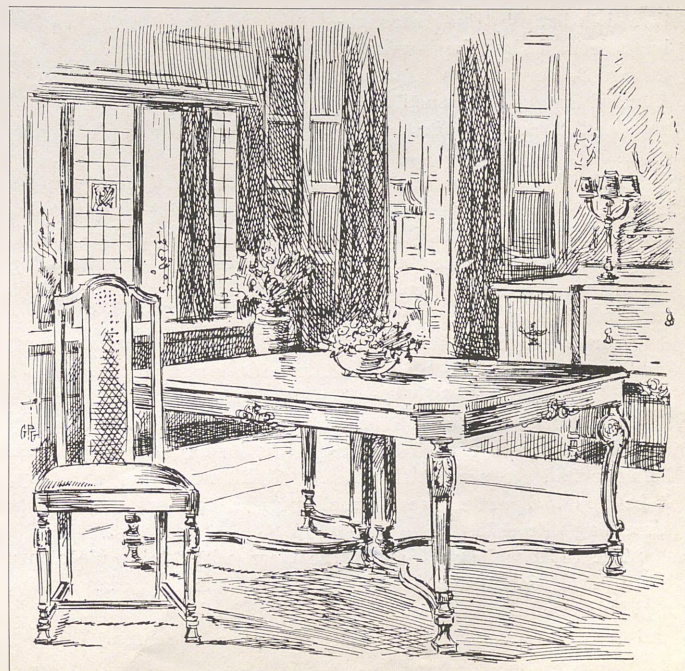
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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

NOT overly much in the way of good things have the theaters to offer the Los Angeles people this week. This seems to be the betwixt and between season. "Over the Telephone," George Broadhurst's farce, by the Morosco company at the Morosco is probably the best offering we have, and really it is worth while—and the money, too. The Orpheum presents a mirthful bill, and then, there is "The High Cost of Loving," at the Majestic. The Burbank has the "Follies de Lux," which you might enjoy, if you felt that way. "Hearts of the World," the big Griffith motion picture, is still at Clune's Auditorium, and at Clune's Broadway George Beban is showing in his latest picture "One More American." Grauman's has Sessue Hayakawa in "The White Man's Law." Tally's is presenting Constance Talmadge in "The Shuttle," and Quinn's Rialto Mae Marsh in "The Face in the Dark." Not very much in any of this to cause extreme excitement, is there? At the Kinema "The Unbeliever" is being shown, and at Miller's Frank Keenan in "The Ruler of the Road," a Western, is on. A play called "The Wanderer" has been at the Mason all the week. It is called "the biggest and most sumptuous dramatic spectacle on Earth" by the person who writes the advertisements. Maybe so. There are one hundred and twenty real sheep in the cast, by actual count, the same person says. The offerings in all of the playhouses for the week to come seem to present more than those of this week have. But we shall see, we shall see.

FOLLOWING out the general idea, doubtless, that mirth and frivolity should prevail as much as possible during our hours of relaxation in these terrible war times, the bill presented at the Orpheum this week is largely made up of that. It is as light as the foam on a glass—come to think of it, we are not supposed to know anything about foam any more, are we? Well, it's very light, anyway.

There is one part of it, however, that is well worth the price of admission, if you go to the theater just to be amused, and to forget the war and its horrors for an hour or two. This is the musical farce presented by George Damerel & Co. entitled "The Little Liar." It is a silly thing, of itself, with hardly a thread to hang by, but thoroughly redeemed by the work of George Damerel, himself, and one Edward Hume, a comedian of rare excellence, even for the Orpheum.

This Hume person is a whole show. He could make you laugh if you had just received notice that your bank account was overdrawn. The farce—it is hardly fair to call it a musical farce, but that's what the program calls it—is put together mostly for the purpose of giving him the chance to be funny most of the time, and he may be said to take all sorts of chances.

For instance: a bunch of beautiful girls at one stage of the proceedings are supposed to be about to appear at the studio of Guy Marcel, the artist, who is looking for a perfect shoulder to use in his business. Says the artist to Ruben Dove, otherwise this Hume person: "Yes, they are all coming to my studio tonight, with masks on, and I want you to help me find the perfect shoulder." "With masks on, eh? Say, wouldn't it be well to have 'em wear something else, too; rubber boots or belts, or something like that?"

The third and last scene of the piece, which takes place in a Pullman car, late at night, with pajama girls predominating, and winding up with a pajama wedding, goes a long way toward making up for our late spring, and the consequent slow beginning of the beach season.

A dramatic sketch, "In the Zone," offered about the only relief from the froth on the bill, and this is good, too. Some clever acting makes it all the better. But it leaves a bad taste in the mouth, even so. It is intended to show the terrible strain under which the men are who sail the ships that carry ammunition for the Allies across the Atlantic. The plot is simple, but clever, and the thing gets by fairly well.

Blossom Seeley is always going to get a warm welcome in Los Angeles, but we would like to take this occasion to ask why Fields, Salisbury, Davis, Lopez and Thorpe? We prefer more cream and less mush, we do.

And while we are speaking about food we may as well state that Loney Haskell, who also is on the week's bill, ought to be on the food commission, or something like that. He evidently has discovered a wonderful preservative of some sort. Some of the jokes he has with him now have held their flavor for twenty years or more. How in the world does he do it?

Oh, yes! There was something else that was very good. The little Japanese prima donna, Haruko Onuki. Like all the Japanese, she is imitative, but, at that, she is good.

"OVER the Phone" is a splendid vehicle for both Richard Dix and Bertha Mann. And it is one of the best things George Broadhurst has written, too, from the standpoint of affording the leads fine opportunity to portray character. It is running this week at the Morosco.

"Over the Phone" is spicy, but not at all vulgar, and it has a plot, which the author admits was taken from something Hungarian. Overlooking that, however, we must admit that George has done it well.

Richard Dix shines—scintillates, as it were—in the part of "The Artist," an impressionable, impulsive, warm-hearted Frenchman, who falls in love with a voice over the telephone. He has never seen the owner of the voice, at the time he falls in love with her, but he has wonderful imagination, and he pictures her in his mind's eye, as the most beautiful creature in the world.

The voice is owned and controlled by "The Girl," who is charming Bertha Mann. But as he pictures her she has masses of wavy dark red hair, and Bertha hasn't got that kind of hair at all.

It falls out that he meets "The Girl" face to face, without knowing her as the owner of the voice. She is apparently in distress, and he attempts to aid her. Also he

falls in love with her, and doesn't know it. "The Girl" knows it, though, you bet!

Then a friend puts up a job on him, after discovering another girl, a frivolous thing, who fits his imaginative conception of the owner of the lovely voice much better than the real owner of it does. He meets this frivolous girl, and doesn't fall in love with her. And the reason he doesn't is because he has seen the other one first. Somewhat true to life, isn't it?

There are lots of complications, situations and dramatic moments, and the whole thing is really funny.

If Richard Dix persists in acting as he does in "Over the Phone" we are inclined to predict an immense popularity for him in this city. Let us hope that Mr. Morosco will not soon be thinking he is too good for us, and be sending him elsewhere.

"The Girl" part might have been written for Miss Mann. She is excellent in it. James Corrigan, as the friend of the artist, does a good piece of comedy work, too. In fact, all of the people in the cast do good work.

This is the kind of plays Los Angeles likes, and if Mr. Morosco keeps on giving them to us he is going to profit by it.



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THEDA BARA in
"THE SOUL OF BUDDHA"

IF you have any secrets you don't want known, keep away from the Orpheum during the week beginning Monday, May 13. For at that theatre then will return that wizard of all tale-tellers, Leona LaMar, the "girl with 1000 eyes," who "sees, knows and tells all." Miss LaMar is a psychological marvel; in many ways she does the unbelievable. In more ways she does the marvelous. With keenest insight she determines not only the desires of people as they are expressed, but she answers questions that are not even asked. In other words, she reads the inmost secret thoughts of her audience. On the same bill also featured are W. H. Macart and Ethlynne Bradford, clever actors, who will offer Mr. Macart's new one-act farce "Love, Honor and Obey." This brilliant pair had the honor of being on the bill when the present Orpheum was opened, and their subsequent return once in seven years shows how popular they are. Burley & Burley, "the dude and the Scot," will proffer a lot of piffle cleverly, and the Three Natalie sisters, violin, 'cello and piano artistes, will be heard in musical numbers.

FROM advance information, "Tarzan of the Apes," the current attraction at the Kinema Theater, is, perhaps, the most marvelous photoplay ever exhibited. A story of a somewhat bizarre adventure in the heart of the African jungle, it is said to cause one to concur with Charlie Darwin. But the scientist did not grade the degrees of descent. Edgar Rice Burroughs made some attempt at grading in "Tarzan of the Apes." He runs the gamut this way—drunken sailors, brutal ship officers, slave traders and, finally, aristocrats. The apes really rank highest. Even the boy brought up by the "monkey tribe" ranks head and shoulders above his aristocrat relative. You see, there are no class lines, no national lines, no mutual exploitation among our natural ancestors. "Tarzan of the Apes" is bully adventure. Wild beasts roam through the scenes; a kindly elephant carries a wild man upon his back. There are scenes that will excite mirth. There are others that hearken back to Poe's Nights' Plutonian shores. Then throw in a dash of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," mix well with Captain Baker's African stories and you have struck the happy combination. The beauty of nature, clean scenes which allow the imagination to run rampant, and the wholesome, free spirit make the film a joy and delight. Kindly wild life is emphasized rather than civilized brutality. The film is said to follow the magazine story with enough faithfulness to satisfy even the most exacting readers.



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WEEK OF MAY 13

LEONA LA MAR, "The Girl with 1000 Eyes"
W. H. MACART & ETHLYNNE BRADFORD, "Love, Honor and Obey"
HARUKO ONUKI, Japanese Prima Donna
NATALIE SISTERS, American Artists
GEORGE DAMEREL & CO., Myrtie Vail, Edward Hume, in "The Little Liar"
WHEELER & MORAN, "Me and Mickey"
BURLEY & BURLEY, Dude and Scot
"IN THE ZONE," by E. S. O'Neil
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There will be extra car service on all lines, but as concerts will start at 8:15 and 2:15, please allow sufficient time to reach Auditorium!

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Los Angeles Railway

THE HERMIT OF REY DEL REY

(Continued from page 11)

his breast, but remembering his massive strength, had refrained.

"Rum specimen," said Carpenter as the automobile slid down the road toward the lower levels, "but a good fellow, anyway. He would not take a penny from me for our meals." "Why I think he was just splendid, papa," cried Jack. In the rear seat Irene said in a low voice to her mother, "why mamma, I believe I've seen that man somewhere before today." Mrs. Carpenter's laugh rippled up like a fountain. "What nonsense," she exclaimed. And then reflectively, "Oh! I know! He is just the image of that violinist we heard at the Boston concert, don't you remember?" "Oh! Yes! Mamma," replied the girl in a relieved voice, "I was sure I had either seen him or some one like him."

The Hermit watched the automobile until it faded from sight. Then he went into the house. On the mantel was a black bottle, filled, but with dust about the cork. He reached for it, and then set it back. "A fine lad, that boy of mine," he muttered. "Better play the string out as I commenced, without any drinks." He turned to a bookshelf, took down a well-worn copy of Tennyson, and opened the book at page 624. "Us Enoch Ardens," remarked the Hermit of Rey del Rey with a grim smile, "us Enoch Ardens have got to stand together."

RECENT BOOKS

(Continued from page 14)

done or are doing, from the simple, occasional things which can be done at home, to continuous service in the many new organizations conducted by the Government or in the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. or the many State and local organizations.

"American Women and the World War." D. Appleton & Company, New York.

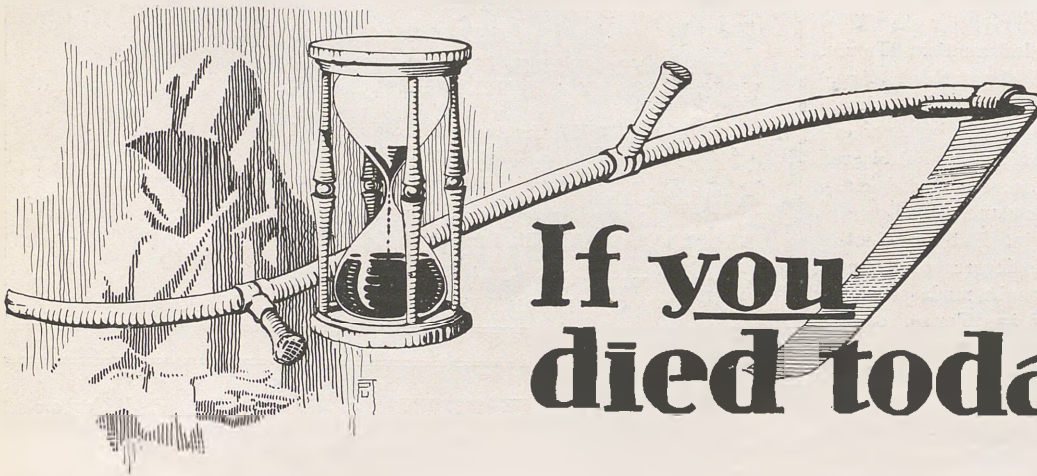
WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 17)

Alexander Brownstein acted as chaperone to the girls who sold in the hotels and clubs. Mrs. Henry Keller and Mrs. Leo Simmons had charge of the store collection.

Mr. Michael Corper conducted the Auction, assisted by Miss Bertha Mann, Miss Blanche Sweet, Miss Ruth Roland, Miss Carmel Myers, Mr. Bryant Washburn, Mr. Charles Ray and Mr. Richard Dix.

Mrs. Wm. Meade and Mrs. Fred Baker, Mrs. Crone, Miss Bashford and Miss Yoch, the landscape architect, superintended the construction of the booths in the park. Mrs. Perne Johnson, Mrs. Anne Stimson, Mrs. Dick and Mrs. Woods Woolwine had charge of the Farm Dinner. Mrs. Wm. Oliver was busy with balloons. Miss Florence Johnson, the beautiful and efficient daughter of Mrs. W. T. Johnson, solicited flowers from the large gardens. Mrs. Harry Callender had charge of the receiving room and the assorting and distributing of the flowers. Miss Esther Norton, with assistance from Blossom Seeley, realized over \$300, at the Orpheum.



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which occur
in the
side walls

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Mileage,
cuts operating expense
and gives
confidence
on the
road



Strength
and
Superiority
proven by
acid tests
of actual
service

Look 'em
over,
we've a real
surprise
in store for
you

NOTE—The Palmer cord tube, left of illustration was inflated until gauge showed 39 lbs. pressure. The air pressure in the inflated ordinary tube at right did not register one pound. This simple comparison shows the marked superiority of the Palmer over the weak ordinary tube, which expands like a balloon at its weakest point, wrinkles and then blows out.

As the cord tire marked the beginning of a new era in tire construction, so has the PALMER SAFETY CORD TUBE been the start of a new one in the making of inner tubes. John F. Palmer, president of the Palmer Tire and Rubber Company, invented both.

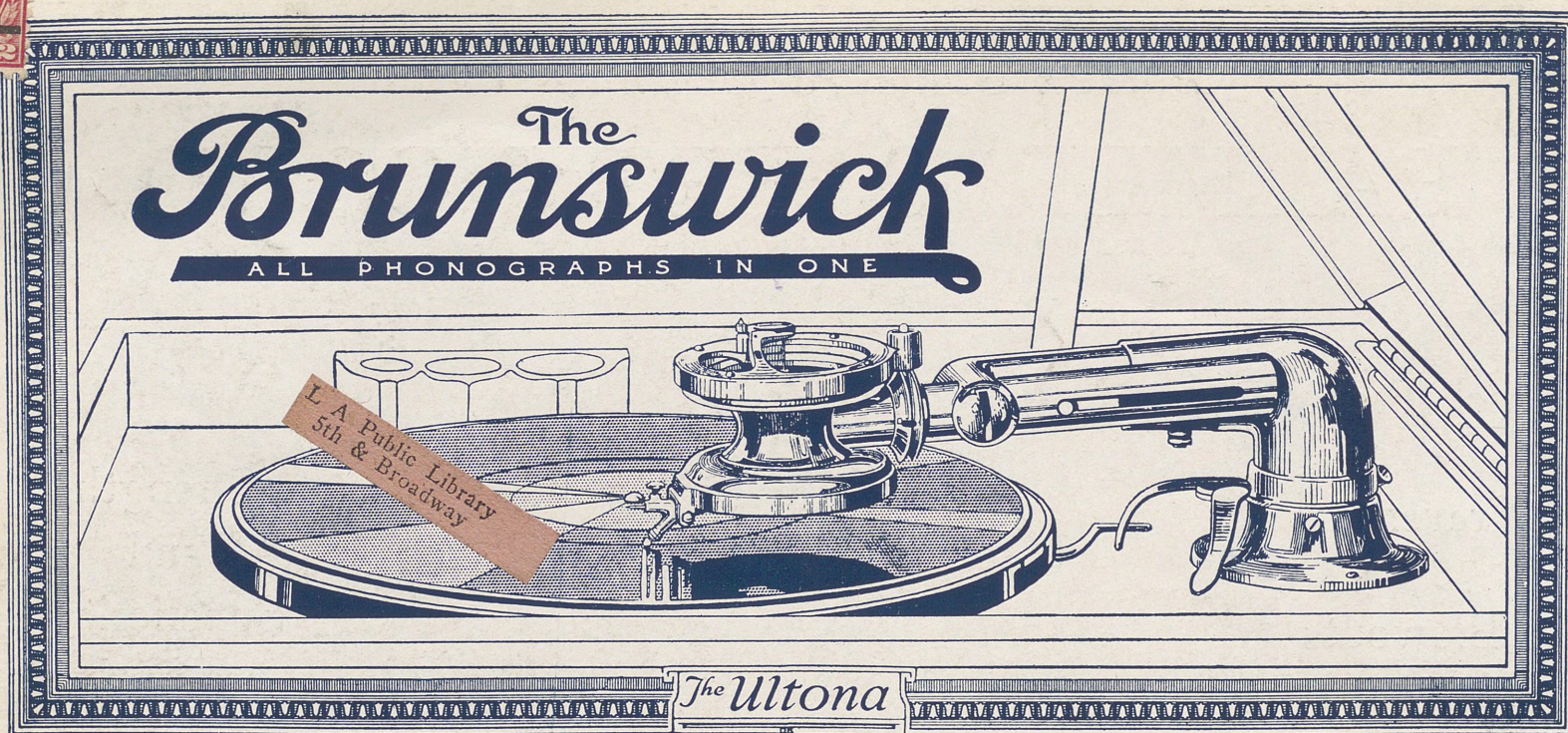
The cord structure of Sea Island cotton is fashioned on the double curve and fits the casing without stretch or wrinkle. Two layers of rubber moulded over and rubber riveted through this structure and on similar curves, have made a tube that is one of the greatest inventions in the automobile field.

The Palmer will withstand an air pressure of 45 pounds. What greater proof can you have of its ability to bridge casing weaknesses and relieve the tire of air pressure from within as well as the strain of road service? Seventy-five per cent of blowouts occur in the sidewalls. Put a PALMER tube in your casings, prevent that percentage of blowouts, and your tires will wear through the tread. PALMERS increase mileage, conserve operating expense and eliminate one of the greatest annoyances of motoring—making replacements on the road.

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